

# The TATLER

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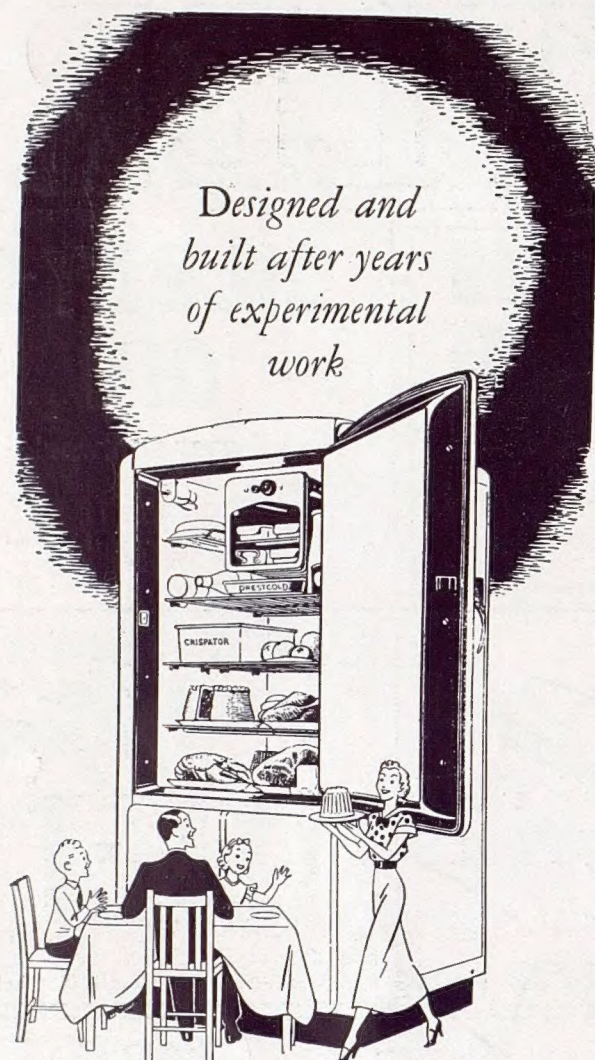
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# The TATTLER

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## THE PRIME MINISTER'S DAUGHTER AND GRANDSON

Mrs. Stephen Lloyd was married whilst her distinguished father was still only second-in-command to the Earl Baldwin. James is the only grandson so far, but if there is anything in heredity he ought some day to be a Prime Minister, for the line is direct from his great-grandfather, the great Joe Chamberlain

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## PANORAMA



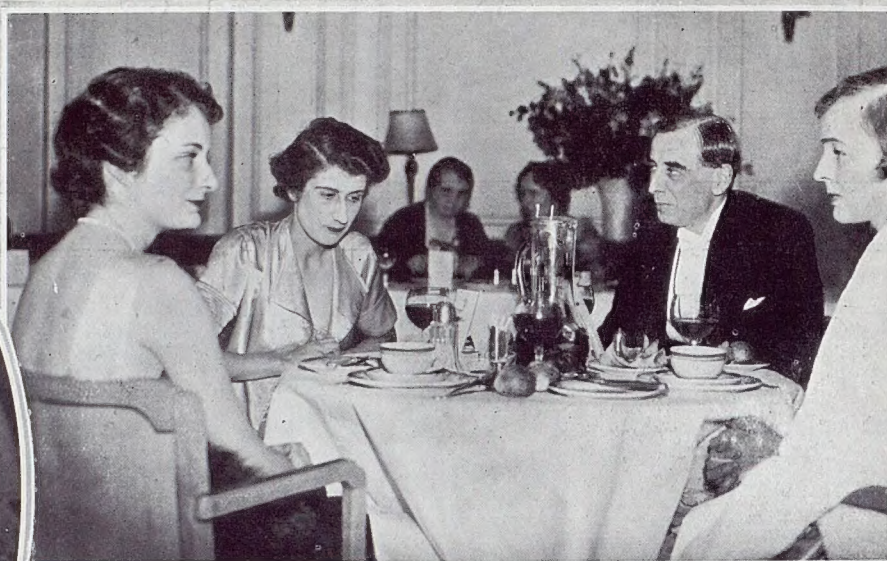
AT "THE COURT WALTZES" PREMIÈRE  
AT THE CURZON CINEMA

The Hon. Rosemary Dawson, the youngest daughter of the famous physician and Lady Dawson of Penn, and Mrs. Ronald Wigram were a part of the packed and distinguished house at the Curzon Cinema last week, which saw the first night of the Gustav Staphenhorst film, which is all about the rivalry of the waltz "Kings," Josef Lanner and Johann Strauss, in the Vienna of the 'forties. The actors and dialogue are French. The battle between the composers was for the honour of being the first to introduce the waltz to England at the time of the engagement of Queen Victoria to Prince Albert

"I DON'T care, I'm enjoying myself," said one of the prettiest of this Season's debs. when we told her she looked tired. "Next year I shall be an ex-deb., and the year after a 'hag'!"

That is apparently the correct term for those girls who have been out two years, and the debs. consider them "on the shelf." A. P. Herbert's five-year marriage clause or no, the young idea is to get married as soon as possible! Whether such marriages straight from the schoolroom will prove successful remains to be seen. Our Victorian grandmothers were happy to be wife and mother at eighteen, but modes and morals have altered so enormously since then!

By virtue of being a member of the Royal Family and the great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, Lady Iris Mountbatten is the most important débutante of the Coronation year, and the first of the two dances in her honour was given by Lady Mulleneux Grayson at the Dorchester last week. Lady



DINING AT LE TRIANON

A more or less family party in which are Lady Glamis and her daughters, the Hon. Cecilia and the Hon. Nancy Bowes-Lyon, and with them is Mr. Algernon Cecil, who is a son of the late Lord Eustace Cecil and an author of many notable books. Lady Glamis is a sister-in-law of H.M. the Queen and Lord Glamis is the Duke of Strathmore's son and heir

Iris, who has been enjoying her first season with tremendous zest and is out dancing every night until the early hours, stood beside Lady Mulleneux Grayson and wore a graceful dress of a subtle aquamarine blue brocaded in a chrysanthemum design that suited her fair colouring remarkably well. Unlike most débutante dresses, it had a slight train, which she held up as she danced, and she wore an unusual pearl and diamond brooch on the corsage that was a present from her mother. Lady Carisbrooke, of whom it is no more than the bare truth to say that she is one of the most popular and admired women in London, wore silver lace and some fine diamonds in the shape of long earrings, double shoulder clips and the clips joining her long pearl sautoir.

Lady Mulleneux Grayson, who returned to her house in Anglesea the day

after the dance, gave a large dinner party at the Dorchester beforehand. The youngest of the dinner hostesses was Miss Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, who brought on a party from the Brazilian Embassy that included Mrs. Mary Booker with her attractive débutante daughter, Veronica, in an amusing tartan-patterned silk dress; Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell, she being "the perfect English type" (according to Paris). She told me that her mother, Lady Chamberlain, wants to let her house in Egerton Terrace as it is now too large for her; and Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Balfour, and Mademoiselle Malbran, one of the two daughters of the Argentine Ambassador.

The Brazilian Ambassador was host at his daughter's dinner and followed on later to the dance, where other members of the Diplomatic Corps were Countess Ahlefeldt-Laurvig, who took the floor for a Viennese waltz, the Argentine Ambassador, Madame Gripenberg, who had the alarming experience of having to leave the dance at a moment's notice to take her husband, the Finnish Minister, to a hospital with threatened appendicitis. Doctors and surgeons were hastily summoned in the middle of the night, and it was not until three o'clock next morning that Madame Gripenberg was able to return home knowing that no operation was necessary. The Minister has now recovered.



MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY RUMBOLD AFTER  
THEIR WEDDING AT ST. MARGARET'S

A last week's bride was Miss Felicity Bailey, daughter of Lt.-Col. F. G. and Lady Janet Bailey, and the bridegroom is the son and heir of Sir Horace Rumbold. Like his distinguished father, Mr. Rumbold is in the Diplomatic Service, and Lady Janet Bailey is a sister of Lord Inchcape



Also at the dance was Lady Westmoreland, a distinguished figure in white net with a big bunch of lilies of the valley tucked into her dress. I saw her dancing with Lord Carisbrooke, and she brought her daughter, Anne Capel. Mrs. Nettlefold was another handsome "mother" there. The Dowager Lady Swaythling and Lady Guthrie both wore imposing tiaras, and other people I noticed particularly were Prince Vsevolod of Russia, one of the few Russian princes who are entitled to add "of Russia" after the name; Miss Peggy Gordon Moore, Danubing gracefully with Mr. Ivo Ford, and Lady Honor Vaughan in an unusual but effective shade of burnt orange.

At three a.m. a rousing "John Peel" was played to which all the guests galloped gaily round the floor—for a wonder without any casualties to tulle frocks or trains.

\* \* \*

An annual party that I should hate to miss is Lady Alexander's formal "At Home" at 57, Pont Street, for here one finds the authentic aura of Edwardian entertaining.

Maids who have evidently been there for years recognise all the guests by name and take the "wraps" (as they call them), and then one joins the queue up to the first-floor landing where Lady Alexander stands from 4.30 to 7 in a flower-wreathed alcove—a picturesque Dresden china figure wearing a sweeping picture dress of stiffened silver lace with long white kid gloves and her silvery hair arranged in long Watteau curls.

After being received, the guests pass on into the drawing-room, where hang two interesting full-length

and amongst them were Mrs. Claude Beddington complete with the famous brocade-covered shooting stick, Baroness de Goldsmid de Palmeira, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Mrs. Robert Anning Bell, just back from the Paris Exhibi-



MR. AND MRS. CHRISTOPHER HARTLEY AFTER THEIR WEDDING IN THE TEMPLE

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Hartley's pretty wedding last week was set in an historic frame at the old Temple Church, and the ceremony was fittingly and naturally performed by the Master of the Temple, Canon Anson. The bride was Miss Ann Sitwell, only daughter of the late Brigadier-General W. H. Sitwell and of Mrs. Sitwell, of Barmoor Castle, Lowick, Northumberland, and the bridegroom, who is a master at Eton, is the only son of Brigadier-General Sir Harold and Lady Hartley, of Bosslane, Hughenden, Bucks.

tion and wearing a huge black straw picture hat, Mr. Ernest Thesiger and Miss Lilian Braithwaite.

\* \* \*

In complete contrast to Lady Alexander's reception was a tea-party which lovely and exotic-looking Mrs. von Hofmannstahl gave at her house in Regent's Park. Cecil Beaton erected huge arc lamps in the drawing-room and took photographs of all "the lovelies" who have promised to pose for the series of tableaux that he is presenting on July 13 at the Anti-Dud Ball at the Dorchester. Named "Cecil Beaton's Scrap Album," his book published that day will bear the same title.

During tea guests chose poses for themselves out of the books of Royal Academy Pictures of 1892. The quainter the sentiment of the picture, the merrier was the laughter it raised. Mrs. James Beck went into the garden dressed in a gorgeous dress of white satin and wearing a poke-bonnet hat. She sat on the children's swing, and Cecil Beaton photographed her as the "Gardener's Daughter."

Dark-haired Lady O'Neill will be one of the "Three Little Maids from School," with her young sister, Mary Rose Charteris, and Lady Irene Haig. It was their own idea! Lady Plunket will step out of the frame of her tableaux of "End of the Skein," and with her partner, Mr. Maurice, will dance and then step back into the frame again. Cecil Beaton has designed the most lovely dress for her; made of organza, it folds into a minute waist, and is all the colours of the rainbow. She remonstrated a little over the enormous bunch of roses that was fastened into her hair for photographic purposes, but eventually gave way, and it was not surprising that with so many elegantly coiffured women present it should have been so difficult to procure a few hairpins with which to pin the roses on!

(Continued overleaf)



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. ESMOND ROMILLY AT ASCAIN, IN THE PYRENEES

Mr. and Mrs. Romilly, who had an adventurous time in Spain before they were married, and were within sound of the gunfire, are still honeymooning and most pleasantly by the look of it. She was formerly the Hon. Jessica Freeman-Mitford, one of Lord and Lady Redesdale's younger daughters. Mr. Esmond Romilly is a nephew of Mrs. Winston Churchill

portraits, one of the late Sir George Alexander as the Prisoner of Zenda, painted by Brough, and the other of the hostess by Harold Speed (a guest at last week's party). The entire house is a mass of smilax entwined with pink roses, and downstairs there is tea and sherry in the dining-room with ices in the garden at the back.

The same friends come every year,



THREE CELEBRITIES AT PETERBOROUGH

The Duke of Buccleuch, who is President of this year's hound show at Peterborough and Master of the Buccleuch; Lord Burghley, the Duke's brother-in-law and Master of his own hounds, who hunt a bit of the Fitzwilliam country by invitation; and the Marquess of Exeter, Lord Burghley's father and a former Joint-Master of the Fitzwilliam



## PANORAMA—continued

The "Hearties" had the happiest days last week. What with cricket, Wimbledon, Henley, polo, and the Ryder Cup, there wasn't a sportsman lacking material for conversation about his pet hobby.

Henley, a paradise on a warm afternoon, was not far short of a chilly purgatory (if it is possible for such a thing to exist) on the first day.

One looked in vain for traditional filmy Henley frocks. It was the bleakest opening day in ten years.

The Stewards' Enclosure was moderately full; opposite, members of Phyllis Court and their friends mustered a thin and not too continuous line of spectators.

The only supply of Henley guests which never seems to diminish is the number of old gentlemen wearing pink Leander caps, ties, and socks, the pale blue caps of Eton, the very slightly darker pale blue of Cambridge, the black and white checked flannel caps of Trinity Hall, or one of the many other indications of past triumphs, including the white "trial" cap.

Dinner in the Leander Club is still the smart thing.

Film magnates would have gnashed their teeth at Lady Zia Wernher's dance for her débutante daughter, Georgina, for this, one of the most important dances of the Season, had Hollywood "glamour" beaten hollow. Incidentally, I would love to know how many yards of bunting were used, for the drive as well as a large part of the gardens at Someries House were covered in.

As the King and Queen were present it was not surprising that any woman over thirty without a tiara looked quite odd. Lady Carisbrooke wore her "all-round" crown tiara which once belonged to Queen Victoria, and the Duchess of Northumberland's dazzled us, especially as she also wore her famous emeralds.

The Duchess of Kent, lovely as usual, dined before the dance, but the Duke came on afterwards from some official function. There were so many Royals present that a private entrance was required for them, as well as a special supper room. In the latter the King sat next to Madame Regis de Oliveira after dancing energetically and, incidentally, very well, in the peach-draped ballroom.

I long to know who was the dark, slim young man who arrived at this "grand" party in a very dilapidated "growler" among cheers from the waiting crowd.

In the ballroom the loveliest "young married" was Lady Isobel Guinness, wearing her "wedding present" aquamarines, and the most spectacular guest was the Maharani of Cooch-Bihar with her good-looking son.

Although I know she abhors publicity of any kind, I cannot refrain from handing Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger an enormous bouquet for the most effectively arranged

party that I have been to for a long time. The garden of 44, Upper Grosvenor Street was transformed into a white ballroom, with a raised dais for the coloured band, and the yew hedges that grow there ordinarily were supplemented by magnolia trees with hidden lighting that threw great shadows on the white walls—in fact, there was no glaring direct lighting anywhere. Mr. "Bill" Astor's garden next

door was disguised as a white and green room, and here the softly diffused lighting came from flower-filled tubs. But the "clou" of the whole thing was the gilded cradle—one used by the infant King of Rome—that stood in the window of Mr. Astor's dining-room spread with a coverlet of real roses.

Caviare pancakes were a feature of this party where the hostess, looking even more "fragilely" lovely than usual, received in pale pink. The Duke and Duchess of Kent stayed late, and the Marlboroughs, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the Duchess of Westminster were other guests enjoying themselves and dancing to the negro band.

I'll just mention a few of the good parties last week.

The Princess of Berar and her husband gave one at the Savoy, and between seventy and eighty guests, having dined in the restaurant and watched the cabaret, went to a private room downstairs before the supper crowds arrived.

Mrs. George Pierce Butler and Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston were joint hostesses, also at the Savoy Hotel, in honour of the Wimbledon tennis players. The latter helped her co-hostess to plan every detail from her bedroom where she was kept by one of those tiresome "throats" that have accounted for so many absentees at recent parties.

And Lady Louis Mountbatten was hostess to the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at Brook House. This was a dinner-party with film entertainment to follow.

First nights at the Curzon Cinema are always interesting, and there's no better place from which to see a film than the comfortable seats in this attractive little theatre.

Queen Victoria and anything that has the faintest connection with that strong-minded and determined old lady is so fashionable just now that it wasn't surprising to find the theatre packed out for the première of *The Court Waltzes* last week.

To English eyes French ideas of life at Buckingham Palace in the early days of the reign of Queen Victoria had its amusing side. There is also in Madeleine Ozeray's presentation of the Young Queen a softness not apparent to Mr. Laurence Housman! And was there ever a time when strangers, although they might be pretty girls and accomplished musicians, were free to wander about Buckingham Palace unhindered and unchallenged?

I feel that to-day someone would soon bar the path of any enterprising gossip writer who attempted to explore the Palace!



AT HENLEY: MRS. OLIVER NICKALLS AND MR. HARCOURT GOLD

The bearers of two names which spell English rowing. Mrs. Nickalls' husband is a member of the famous Eton rowing family and Mr. Harcourt Gold stroked the Eton crews of 1893, 1894 and 1895, all winners, and the losing Oxford crew of 1899

More pictures of this event in next week's issue



AT THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE COVENT GARDEN BALLET

Mr. Jenkinson and the Hon. Daphne Pearson, the younger sister of that polo enthusiast, Lord Cowdray, who were part of a duly enraptured audience on the opening night of Colonel W. de Basil's Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo who continue their season all through the early part of July. *Cimbarosiana*, the suite of dances originally arranged by Massine for Diaghilev's production, was chosen to open the ball—as may fairly be said

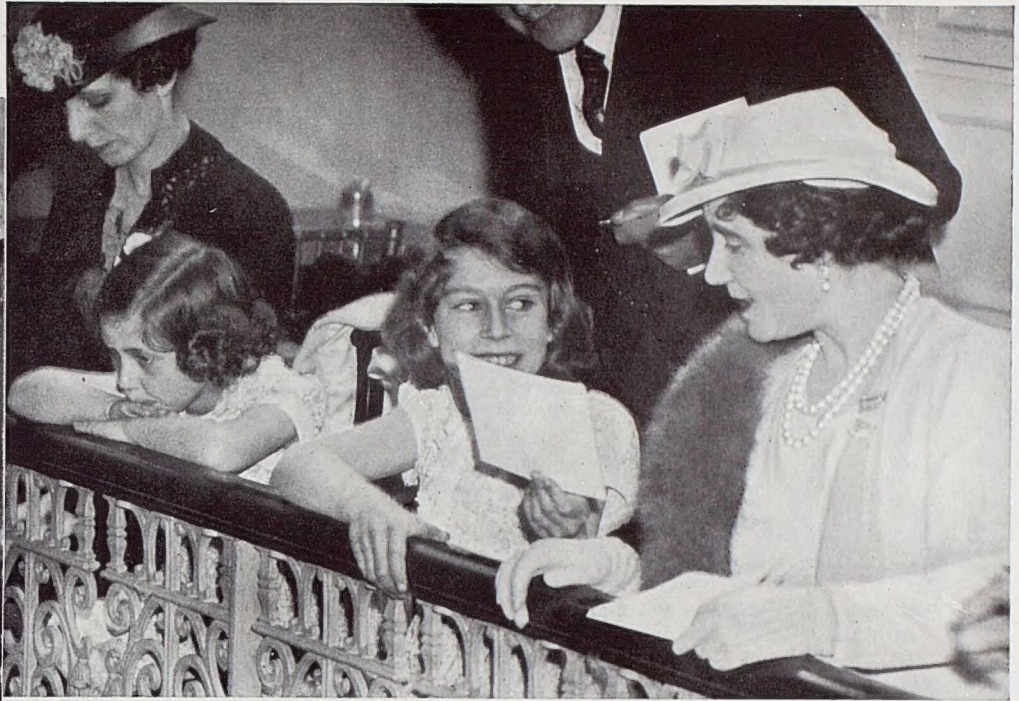
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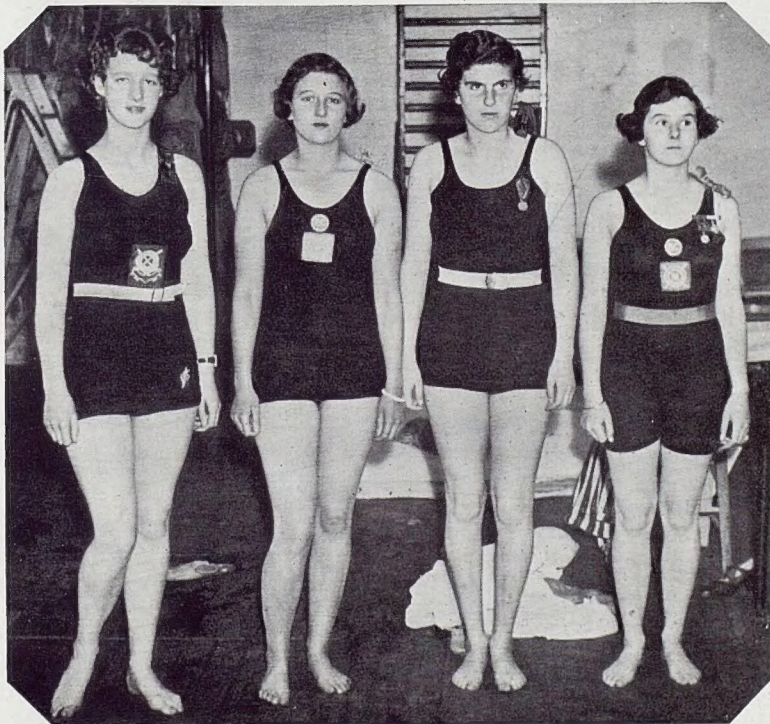
# LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DAY AT THE BATH CLUB



PRINCESS ELIZABETH, MISS VENETIA FRIPP AND LORD DESBOROUGH



HER MAJESTY AND THE LITTLE PRINCESSES



MISS PRUNELLA CLOUGH-TAYLOR, MISS PAMELA BELLAIRS, MISS NORMA CALVOCORESSI AND MISS CHERRY HENDERSON-SCOTT



MISS MARY HENNIKER HEATON, MISS IVONA DAVIES, MISS VENETIA FRIPP (WINNER), LADY DIANA FINCH-HATTON AND LADY LETTICE ASHLEY-COOPER LINED UP FOR THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP

(Below): MISS CLAIRE BULL, MISS MARY COKE, MISS ELIZABETH PARRISH, MISS DEREKA BEARD, MISS VIRGINIA SYME, THE HON ELA BEAUMONT AND MISS MYRA WERNHER



Her Majesty the Queen and Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose visited the Bath Club on the occasion of the Ladies' and Children's Swimming Competitions, and the two little sisters gave away the prizes. They are themselves regular visitors to the Club's swimming-pool. The Ladies' Championship was won by Miss Venetia Fripp, who is seen receiving her trophy from Princess Elizabeth in the picture on the left above. She was the holder of the trophy and this was her third win. Miss Ivona Davies was second and Lady Diana Finch-Hatton third. Below are the entrants for the "Maude Nathan" Cup, and at the bottom on the right the competitors for the Children's Challenge Shield



# THE CINEMA

## A Frightful Week

By JAMES AGATE

YOU can never be sure with the cinema, which in the matter of titles will fool you over and over again. Many a time and oft, in plain English frequently, I have been drawn by a title to see some wretched play or novel trotted out again that I thought had been done with years ago, and that nothing would have induced me to see filmed. What is worse still is the transmogrification of masterpieces, a sacrilege condoned by your presence before you are aware that sacrilege is being committed. I will not waste space by giving examples of what I mean—the reader knows well enough. This is one of the reasons why, in the matter of visiting the cinema, I employ a certain wariness. Take the case of the new cinema called the Berkeley. The notion of giving London the *best* foreign pictures is an admirable one, always provided that what it is aimed at remains the best. I implore the Curzon and the Berkeley to continue in this policy, and not attempt to cut each other's throats in an endeavour to out-popularise each other by securing the *worst* Continental films. That way must end in mutual gore. My hopes for the Berkeley are high, and I was delighted when the first picture shown was announced to contain that great film actor, Emil Jannings. Then I turned to the title of the picture, and there seemed at first nothing very much wrong about *Der Herrscher*. Then I discovered that the film had been adapted from something by the German dramatist, Gerhardt Hauptmann, called *Sonnenuntergang*. And at last I had an inkling as to the truth of the matter. This was a film made from the identical play in which Werner Krauss appeared at the Shaftesbury Theatre in London some three years ago. And at once I remembered everything about it. I remembered that the theme of the Hauptmann nonsense was the old one of the opposition between weak-minded parent and strong-willed family. Hauptmann frequently pointed his resemblances to *King Lear* without apparently remarking this difference, that whereas Shakespeare's tragedy was about a nice old man with a nasty family, his play was about a nasty old man with a family which saw no reason for being nice. One remembered the old and wealthy widowed ironmaster, Matthew Clausen, a nasty old man because he made sheep's eyes at a little girl still in her teens. Matthew addressed the portrait of the dead wife he idolised saying that she would understand. I remember a colleague saying that "old Clausen's quest of a girl-wife was a compensation or a sublimation of his deep-rooted wife-complex." Freudians may understand what this means, though I imagined at the time and still imagine that Herr Clausen would have to be prepared with a better reason when he met Frau Clausen in the shades. Then the old man proceeded to give away his late wife's jewellery. Upon this misguided generosity his daughters cast a greenish eye, though the dilapidated garnets which are the normal adornment of German housewives are probably no great catch intrinsically. Perhaps the family regarded the gift as symptomatic of a squander-complex to the detriment of the fortune they expected to inherit. In any case there was the dickens of a row, and in the last act Herr Krauss sketched out for us the kind of thing we might expect him to do with a part like that of *King Lear*. In short, I was fully reminded of a horrible evening during the course of which Miss Rebecca West asked me in a whisper why the great German actor kept on using his shoulders like a revolving bookcase!

Once bitten by a German masterpiece and a great German actor, four times shy. So I determined that the Berkeley and Herr Jannings must for the moment get along without any support it might lie in my power to offer them. In short, I didn't go. I attempted instead the Leicester Square Theatre, where there was being shown something called *Top of the Town* and alleged to be the greatest musical ever. This promised well, judging by the imposing array of names, including that of the man who keeps the camera's legs from wobbling. But I did not quite approve of the presence of *The Three Sailors*, whom normally and in the flesh I would cross a continent to see. But *The Three Sailors* are a "turn," and the mere fact that you can have a turn in any musical



BETTY BALFOUR AND HER BABY SON

Navana

Betty Balfour, the British film star, is in private life Mrs. James Campbell. This new portrait, taken at her home in Hampstead, shows her with her recently arrived small son

merely means that the thing is not going to be a consistent entity; it is a matter for the music-hall. A lot of turns are good provided each individual turn is a lot of good. And then it started! And I immediately set about wondering why Mr. Sidney Bernstein in his last Questionnaire did not ask for the names of the actors and actresses who sent one howling from the cinema. The film had not been in progress ten minutes when Somebody who looked like Cécile Sorel and sang like Mistinguett drove me and the friend I had taken with me at breakneck speed up the royal-circle stairs, helter-skelter down the foyer staircase, and spurring in the straight to throw ourselves into the first taxi. However good or bad the rest of the film was I shall never know. I was vanquished, and intend to remain vanquished, by the portcullis of that smile and the drawbridge of that larynx. "Where to?" said the taxi-driver. I was too broken to answer, but my friend, in hollow tones, said: "Try the Curzon!" At the Curzon we found ourselves in the middle of an excessively smart première, and we pushed apologetically to our seats, nose-tickled by the tiaras of the row in front. Gloom prevailed. On the screen there bobbed up a film called *The Court Waltzes*, with a French ingénue just asking to be throttled into silence. She was supposed to be the daughter of Josef Lanner, the waltz-composer, alleged in the film to be the rival of Johann Strauss. She had a lover who played the drum in Strauss's band, and she was also the leader of a female orchestra of her own organising. The two bands had a competition as to who should perform at Buckingham Palace, the point being that Queen Victoria had just been apprised of the existence of this new dance and proposed to use its voluptuous quality to ginger up the young Prince Albert, who was proving unaccountably slow in coming up to the scratch! If this monstrous nonsense had been portrayed by, say, wooden marionettes and treated throughout in the René Clair fashion, one would not have dreamed of objecting to this film. But to see it seriously presented, as is done at the Curzon, must have made Mr. Laurence Housman, the author of the *Victoria Regina* plays, were he not happily alive and with us, turn in his grave in waltz-time! It was outrageous, and while it went on the cinema can only be said to have been filled with a kind of aghast titter. Queen Victoria was played by Mlle. Madeleine Ozeray. *Oserai-je dire* that any film-producer ought to have been ashamed to inflict so hideous a travesty upon an actress of extraordinary charm and radiant sensibility?



# IN HONOUR OF A GREAT CRICKETER



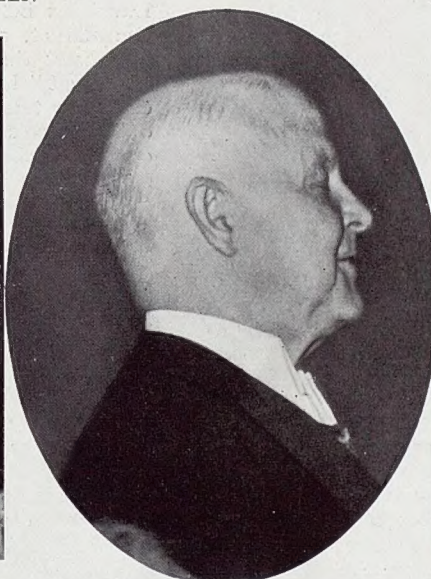
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AND MAJOR G. THOMSON



SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE  
AND LORD TENNYSON



SIR PELHAM ("PLUM") WARNER  
REPLIES TO THE TOAST



R. W. V. ROBINS AND  
HANNEN SWAFFER



A. P. F. CHAPMAN AND F. WOOLLEY



L. N. NAIRN AND THE  
NAWAB OF PATAUDI



P. HENDREN AND F. T. MANN

Photos: Sasha

Cricketers gathered at the Dorchester recently at a dinner in honour of Sir Pelham Warner, known to everyone who ever saw a cricket pitch as "Plum." His career in the game began in his early youth in Barbados at Harrison College and developed at Rugby under the coaching of Tom Emmett. He played in the Rugby and Oxford XI's—he was at Oriel—and for Middlesex from 1894 to 1920, being captain of that county from 1907 onward. He captained the M.C.C. in Australia in the Tests of 1903-04 and 1911-12 and in South Africa 1905-06. He is also the author of numerous cricketing works and the editor of *The Cricketer*. Among the numerous celebrities who met to do honour to this great player and sportsman will be noticed four M.C.C. Test captains in A. P. F. Chapman, G. O. Allen, R. W. V. Robins and Lord Tennyson, and four famous veterans in the persons of Hearne, Hobbs, Hendren and Woolley. F. T. Mann is the father of the 1936 Eton captain, F. G. Mann, and another son also played in the Eton XI



# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"



*Fayer of Vienna*

OWNER OF THE DERBY WINNER: MRS. G. B. MILLER

For the first time in history the Derby was won this season by a woman owner. Mrs. G. B. Miller, seen above, is the owner of Middy Sun. By way of underlining the point, the second, Sandsprite, was owned by Mrs. F. Nagle

**T**HE five-furlong races at Sandown are some of the most interesting of the year to watch because you see the whole thing broadside on and the various changes in running. At the same time, this course is the most

deceptive of any I know and it is one of the most tricky to ride. To start with, for no apparent reason those drawing the big numbers used to win every race. Now, no amount of altering the start can get a winner on that side at all. From the stand it would appear to be the most severe five in England run up the side of a cliff, but if you go and stand on the course it will be seen that the first three furlongs are, if anything, slightly downhill and the last two are only up the slightest slope. It is, too, a great course for top weights, and so should be an easy course, but seldom does one see a sprint race won from end to end. Nearly always the winner comes from behind and then it is impossible to say from the stand what has won, and the wildest bets are struck in Tattersalls on the result. I ran a two-year-old here last Friday, and she endeavoured to get the last furlong by using her tail as a propeller, a most ingenious but futile idea. On the round course it is nearly always best to leave the rails slightly after the bend, and Harry Wragg, and now E.

Smith, have won races there, particularly when the course has been watered under the rails, by pulling wide out towards the stands and finishing on the firm going. One of the few races practically won from end to end was the Dominion Plate, won by Monty, who, giving away twelve pounds, went upsides on a tight rein for three furlongs and then came out and won as he liked. He bears a very strong likeness to his sire, Noble Star, and is a good advertisement for him.

After Sandown, Newmarket, where I was privileged to accompany an owner who was doing a weed-out of his stable. His purge, if similar, was even more ruthless and relentless than those of Moscow. "Out" was the order for nearly half, either for being for ever addicted to Stalin or unable to raise a Trotski. It is the cheapest in the long run, but I fear that brave little Belgium will be little the better for them. The July meetings, if only the weather is normal, are the pleasantest of any in the year. They are hard work, too, for many trainers get their first lot out at 7 a.m., and what with sales morning and evening, as well as racing and, possibly, a game of golf, the day is pretty full. The Limekilns being open and far and away the best going in Newmarket, all the trainers within reach and their owners are there; the road is lined with cars and every hurdle in "the belt" has behind it a tipping of touts, or whatever the collective term is. It is not long before one learns to pick out anyone's string at a distance by their trainers' and owners' hacks, a very useful accomplishment when trying to find your own outfit among the dozens of lots. Jack Jarvis and Dawson Waugh ride short-tailed "butty" cobs, Tom Waugh an "elegant" leggy bay, Cecil Boyd-Rochfort a rather ponderous skewbald, Jack Colling a neat quality thoroughbred, Basil Jarvis a heavyweight hunter, and Bob Colling an imperturbable blood 'un on which a whip can be, and is, flicked all the morning. Someone advanced to me the theory that some trainers grow to be like their hacks or vice versa, but not having studied the matter I offer no comment or opinion.

The July course, which I understand is now finished, is an enormous improvement on the old course, even if the quiet rural atmosphere of the meetings as they used to be has gone. Times change, and the enormous popularity of the July meetings in the last few years necessitated rebuilding. A

new stand has been built for trainers and jockeys over the paddock Tote, and the Tattersalls stand completed, and so far I have heard no crabs or complaints. While there are always on both courses remarks about races finishing away from the stands, it is a good thing to be able to vary the course. One doesn't want to race for four days with everything identical.

The first day, despite the attraction of fairly good stakes, was voted on all sides a dullish entertainment. The only possible interest the day could have held was lost by the non-running of Ramtapa against Mirza. One cannot blame the owner or trainer of the former; he has, no doubt, easier engagements, and it is not commercially sound to risk these and give him a hard, and probably fruitless, race into the bargain. Mirza, starting at a prohibitive price (yet apparently not prohibitive at all), led his field five lengths in the first hundred yards and, easing up all the last furlong, won as he liked. His brilliant speed will probably see him unbeaten as a two-year old, but he doesn't



AT PETERBOROUGH: MRS. ROBINSON, LORD KNUTSFORD, LADY KESTIVEN, AND COMMANDER SUTTON

A group at the Mecca of hound-men. Competition was keen in all classes this season, and the judges had to call in Lord Knutsford, who is Joint-Master of the V.W.H. (Cirencester), as adjudicator in the special prize for the best single dog in the Novice classes, his vote going to the Puckeridge Wellington



## THE LONG DOGS' DERBY



THE WINNING OWNERS: MR. AND MRS. R. H. DENT (WATTLE BARK)



PRINCE CHICHIBU AND LADY LOCH

## AT THE WHITE CITY



COL. AND MRS. J. S. N. FITZGERALD, COL. GUY RASCH AND MISS GREVILLE



SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD AND LADY CHESHAM



MRS. J. B. WALKER, MRS. GERALD WALKER AND MRS. REX PEEL



MR. AND MRS. TOM WEBSTER DINE TOGETHER



SIR GERVAIS RENTOUL AND MRS. E. C. STRINGER

Whatever an ancient top-sawyer may have said and thought of the long dog, he never knew that his métier might be racing. This is proved by what the racing greyhound does at the White City and other places. "You can't hold 'im back" is the comment of the humble man in the street, because he has no one on his back! Mrs. R. H. Dent (seen with her husband in the No. 1 picture at top) was naturally the principal target of all the assembled multitude, because she is the owner of Wattle Bark (who beat the hot favourite, Shovè-Halfpenny), a dog given her by her husband, who is chairman of a famous organisation which will make even an adder hear what you say. Mr. Charlie Munn, from the U.S.A., who is seen with Lady Stanley, who gave away the Derby Cup to Mrs. Dent, is, with General Critchley, more or less responsible for having presented greyhound racing to the British public, and is, incidentally, one of the founders of "Tote" Investors, Ltd. The Brigade of Guards, as will be noted, was well represented by Colonel Rasch (Grenadiers) and Colonel FitzGerald (Irish Guards), with wife in attendance



LADY STANLEY AND MR. CHARLIE MUNN





A GREAT MUSICIAN: EUGENE GOOSSENS

Eugene Goossens conducted the première of his new opera, "Don Juan de Mañara," at Covent Garden recently and had a very favourable reception. Mr. Goossens is a Londoner. His father was conductor of the Carl Rosa Opera Company; he himself is conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra

—be it only for the joy of "debunking" it. And surely no era in history lends itself more joyfully—or more easily, let me add—to this wicked delight. You have only to regard popular art or popular fiction of that day to break into a broad grin; while the polite fiction which passed for morality provides a never-ending joke. Not, however, that you must go to the best in art, fiction, or morality for the loudest laughs. No; you must choose the second-class, which is always so popular among the second-rate, if you want to grin your broadest. Not, of course, that the second-class is any less laughable to-day. It isn't! Look at the work of the Chelsea-cum-Bloomsbury poets the awful daubs which pass for "art," the farmyard morality which prides itself on its freedom and only achieves a contraceptive! That "boneless" art-and-craftiness which really means nothing; that dreary would-be super-intellectualism—out of books. These things are already very funny; equally pompous in their different fashion. And doubtless some very amusing books will be written about them years hence. Perhaps it won't be so easy, because the subject will not be so hypocritically "suspect" as already actually silly.

The Victorian "silliness" was seriously silly; it was fundamentally inept—like plumes on hearses. The trouble with it was that it tried so hard to be deadly serious and, so to speak, only achieved the effect of a black bonnet and a plush mantle as a sign of righteousness. Nowadays as much seriousness is expressed in abbreviated "panties" and a third divorce; the effect being equally dreary and never in the least bit amusing—like people who imagine they are escaping sex-repression by perpetually harking upon it. Ponderous but, unlike the Victorians, not pompous. Ponderousness, however, can never be funny, while pompousness is an easy joke behind anybody's back. And Victorian pompousness has no need to be "guyed" to become entertainment. Miss Delafield hasn't guyed it in her book. Indeed, she herself makes so brief

# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Victorian  
"Atrocious-  
ness."

MISS E. M. DELAFIELD opens her amusing book, "Ladies and Gentlemen": In the Victorian Fiction (Hogarth Press; 10s.6d.), by truly remarking: "The true lovers of the Victorian traditions are born rather than made—and not all born in the reign of good Queen Victoria, either." Yet, all of us, we owe a still-outstanding debt to the Victorian era

an appearance that one has a strange feeling that half the time she didn't know she was writing it! Most of the book is made up of quotations, Charlotte M. Yonge providing the most and the longest. Too many and too long, perhaps. For, with the exception of some extracts from the highly moral and very awful Fairchild Family chronicles and a few other popular writers of their day, Miss Yonge may be said really to have written the book, or at least given us her interpretation of the Victorian family scene as seen, if not through her own eyes, at least through the eyes of the Victorian reader who liked to believe that life was really just like that! The strange thing is, however, that though these long extracts of the Victorian scene, taken from popular Victorian novels, are excruciatingly funny to-day, they, in a curious way, are extraordinarily readable. Much more readable, in fact, than the gay babble about nothing at all which fills out so many modern novels.

I suppose it is because in those days "plots" were so much easier to come by. Nowadays, when illegitimate babies have become only the sign of a female "ninny," when a divorce excites no more interest than a cup of tea, when the most strange sexual matters have become of no greater importance to the plot than descriptions of scenery, nothing seems able to give the modern story "grip" except a foul murder in the first chapter—and not always then; since foulness, even applied to murder, has already reached its limitations. So what is a poor modern author to do to make his reader "breathless," shock him, or carry on the necessary "suspense" until the last chapter? The stricter the moral conventions, the easier it is to make up a story. The Victorian heroine had only to "show a leg," and a whole exciting plot evolved on the instant. Now she has, metaphorically speaking, to murder her grandmother to gain our interest, and we are getting a little tired even of that! Consequently, as well as being amused by the long extracts included in this book to make us laugh (as indeed they do), one ends by feeling that one wants to read the whole of the works of Charlotte M. Yonge, get better acquainted with the Fairchild Family, and read Mrs. Wetherell's once-popular "Queechy," and the works of Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Rhoda Broughton all through!

After all, surfeited as one is by bedroom stories with the blinds up, it is rather nice to meet lovers who can carry on thuswise: "'Theodora! Theodora!', he cried. 'You are a grand creature, nearly thrown away for want of breaking-in.' 'Too true,' said she sadly. 'I must say it,' he continued. 'Will you let me? Will you trust yourself and your happiness to me? It has been the vision and hope of my solitude to see you what you might be! The flaws in that noble nature corrected, its grandeur and devotedness shining forth undimmed. Together we could crush the serpents [of pride and jealousy]—bring out all that is excellent.' 'I think there might be a chance for me with you,' said she, in an odd sort of tone. 'You mean it!' he exclaimed, trying to see her face, but her hood flopped over it." Now that is the stuff to give them! And then, while walking home, he holding the umbrella over her in silence, the lover cries: "'Good luck to thee, umbrella! . . .

Thy sea-green dome has been a canopy of bliss. Honour to thy whalebones!'" One feels, indeed, so interested in Theodora and her Percy that one quite regrets the quotation is so short. One would so like to know what happened when Theodora told her Papa. Nothing is ever told to a modern "Pop" in modern stories, except, if he objects to what is told him, to tell him to go to blazes. In fact, I can see Miss Delafield's amusing book sending lots of joyous readers back to the old

(Continued on page 12)



Dorothy Wilding

EDITH BAGNOLD (LADY JONES)

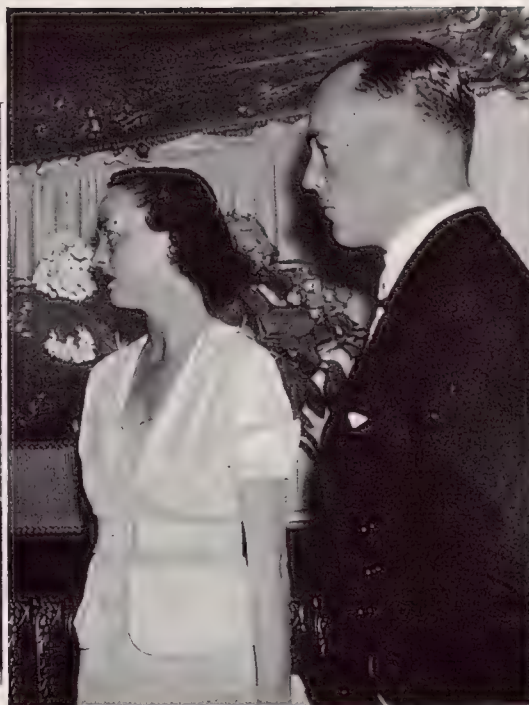
Edith Bagnold, the author of "National Velvet," is, in private life, the wife of Sir Roderick Jones. Her new book, "Family Life," will appear at the end of this year



## THE "FORFEIT FEAST" OF



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS  
OF NORFOLK



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LINCOLN

## THE HALLAMSHIRE CUTLERS



SIR THOMAS AND LADY  
AUGUSTA INSKIP



THE HON. LIONEL AND LADY  
HÉLÈNE BERRY



THE MASTER CUTLER (COL.  
W. TOZER) AND MRS. TOZER



LT.-COL. SIR HENRY AND  
LADY STEPHENSON



THE HON. FRANCIS  
AND MRS. BALFOUR

The Forfeit Feast of the Company of Cutlers in Hallamshire, Yorkshire, is a function of ancient origin and serves the dual purpose of the banquet of the Company and a dinner to the Trustees of the Thomas Hanbey Charity, Thomas Hanbey, who died in 1786, being the founder of the Trust Fund. It is called the Forfeit Feast because, in 1815, a system of fines for non-attendance was instituted and the money so collected goes towards the expenses of the banquet. Upon the present Master Cutler fell the principal weight of the oratory, including the proposal of the health of two of the most distinguished guests, the Earl Marshal and the Duchess of Norfolk. Colonel W. Tozer commands the Hallamshire Battalion (T.A.) of the York and Lancaster Regiment, and his wife, whose official rating is "The Mistress Cutler," is a very keen racing regular, and has several horses in training. Sir Ronald Matthews, who is seen in the picture at the bottom, facing the one of Lord Redesdale's son, the Hon. Francis Balfour, and his wife, is a past Master Cutler and a director of the L.N.E.R.



CAPTAIN SIR RONALD  
AND LADY MATTHEWS



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Victorian "popular" fiction. At any rate, there will be a real story and a certain laugh. And everybody will be the better for both of them. Much more exciting things seemed to happen to people in those days.

There is, for example, a picture in this book of a lady clad as for winter in full midsummer, standing on a rock and showing her legs very nearly up to her knees. The exhibition has completely demoralised the sport of two gentlemen fishing. Nowadays the lady would have to stand on her head completely in the nude for them to take their eyes off their floats. An exciting life is, after all, only a question of surprises. Nowadays we have become so immune to moral shocks that we have to spend half an hour looking at a man filling up a hole in the street! While we can't be bothered about anybody stripping until it has been bellowed into us that we are being "teased." Another thing which made Victorian fiction exciting was the fact that in almost every story somebody was either ill or dying at inordinately long length. Miss Delafield reserves one whole, amusing chapter on this physical "entertainment"—for entertainment it must have been, since it played so large a part in Victorian fiction. There was no rushing a character off to a psycho-analyst in those days when, having arrived an invalid suffering from a mysterious malady—in Victorian novels, usually an illness which was half consumption, half heart disease, and with a dash of pernicious anæmia thrown in—he or she returned home ready to box Max Baer. Oh, dear me, no! Two pages for a headache, three for nervous agitation, and four for a good faint. And rarely they ever got better. While all the time the house was kept so deliberately quiet that to crunch a potato "crisp" would have sounded like blasting! And then, of course, at least one whole chapter for a death-bed and another for the funeral. And no rushing off to the nearest crematorium to bring back the loved one in a box!

No; when tears were expected to flow, the story marched with the slowest possible tread. And we were expected to be quickly "moved." As we were, strangely enough! The Victorian novel lived on making its readers distraught. We wallowed in other people's sorrows (always an easy "wallowing," anyway), while the coming of other people's joy was so protracted that we never got to it until the very last page—and so hadn't time to be bored by it (so fatally easy!).

## Miss Delafield Again.

In fact, if Miss Delafield had been a Victorian writer she would have made a far more harrowing story than she has made of the theme of "Nothing is Safe" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), her most interesting new novel. As it is, we are given a very well-written and, in its way, important "tract for the times," showing the evil to children which comes of their parents obtaining an easy divorce and each marrying again. Consequently, two real parents scarcely on speaking terms, and two understudies who "don't belong" to the children's lives and so cannot fit into any pattern which is

permanent and safe and protective. Poor little Terry, aged thirteen, sensitive, shy, timid, a "dreamer"! Poor little Julia, aged eleven, who tried so hard to protect her brother from the pain which older people inflicted upon him unconsciously. They had two homes, and no proper one. Their parents, in the first flush of a sexual liaison "sanctified" by the marriage ceremony: father with a "cocktail" hussy; mother with a he-man. They loved their children after their fashion, but neither could give them a permanent home. Part-time children were whole-time in their way. So poor little Terry and Julia spent their miserable holidays partly with their mother, until she couldn't do with them any longer; partly with their father, who hadn't room for them in a flat, anyway; and partly with their grandmother, who didn't understand children at all—not modern children. At last Terry became so mentally unstable that he was taken to a psycho-analyst, who discovered that he was really

suffering from the stronger, too-protective personality of his little sister. So the children were separated "for their own good."

As I wrote above, the story is a "tract for the times." A tragedy to be witnessed nowadays in all directions where homes are broken up so soon as physical satiation sets in, with all its accompanying reasons for separation. A justification—if any were really needed—for much severer terms of divorce, apart from desertion or cruelty, when there are children of the marriage. Not that the story is written in the tragic manner. The tragedy lies in its implication, which Miss Delafield has so cleverly outlined, without stressing the moral. But how one of her Victorian "Ladies and Gentlemen" would have revelled in such a plot! We should not, so to speak, have been peeping through the eye-hole, but actually in the room. What luscious grief we should have enjoyed over the woes of poor little Terry, who would most certainly have died under the torture of his unsympathetic stepfather. How their mother, instead of going off to Paris, would have yearned hopelessly for her children, in the manner of Mrs. Copperfield! How

their father would have come inevitably to a sticky end! The moral of the unhappy story would have been pointed just the same, but we should have received the "blow" with red eyes and a great surreptitious blowing of noses.

The modern method, however, is to leave us with an irresistible inclination to go out and kick someone who isn't there. Which, emotionally speaking, isn't at all the same thing. Not nearly so satisfying, perhaps. But sophistication has robbed novels of all their limelight, their "thunder off," their "slow music"; any ungovernable desire to hiss, groan, or part with a much-prized locket of hair for the "good of the noble cause." Maybe there will always be a certain "flatness" after the breaking of chains, and a "cross" which you can throw gaily into the ditch when it becomes too heavy has none of the nobility of "crosses." At any rate, complete freedom of immoral action is inclined to make drab stories. "Nothing is Safe" is, however, a very pathetic and interesting novel all the same.



Kathleen Iddon

## THE HON. GRANIA GUINNESS

Lord and Lady Moyne's only daughter was one of the Coronation year débutantes and has inherited the good looks of her mother, the former Lady Evelyn Erskine, who is the younger sister of the Earl of Buchan. Lord Moyne, the former Hon. Walter Guinness, is Lord Iveagh's younger brother and got a barony in 1932





PAMELA STANLEY—THE QUEEN  
IN OLD AGE



JAMES WOODBURN  
AS JOHN BROWN



PAMELA STANLEY AS THE  
YOUNG VICTORIA



CARL ESMOND (PRINCE ALBERT)  
AND PAMELA STANLEY



"DIZZY" AND THE QUEEN: ERNEST MILTON A WONDERFUL  
BEACONSFIELD

Stage Photo Co.

To Mr. Laurence Housman belongs the credit of giving London not only the play of the year and equally the best play for years, but also the credit of having made the shortest after-the-curtain speech on record. All he said was: "At last . . . at last!" Mr. Housman has had a thirty-five years' war with the Censor over his plays, and the present one, although successfully produced at the Gate Theatre in 1935, might not have arrived to us in its present shape but for the common sense of King Edward VIII., the present Duke of Windsor. Everyone in the large and highly distinguished cast gives a great performance, but naturally Miss Pamela Stanley, who is a kinswoman of Lord Stanley of Alderley and of Lord Derby, is the axis upon which everything turns, and right nobly has she risen to a great occasion. Her brilliant success, aided, no doubt, by a wonderful make-up, is not due to this fact by any means, for it is the actress's own artistry which carries her to so great a triumph. Mr. Ernest Milton makes "Dizzy" live again, and Mr. James Woodburn's "John Brown" and Mr. Carl Esmond's Prince Consort are both wonderful achievements in characterisation





## A WELCOME REST: GENE SARAZEN AFTER A HARD RYDER CUP GAME

Gene Sarazen and D. Shute fought a tremendous battle with C. A. Whitcombe and D. J. Rees. The match was halved. At the end of the first day the U.S.A. had won two of the foursomes and Great Britain one. Subsequently the U.S.A. won five of the eight singles and halved one

ON the day on which this appears, the stage will be all set for the greatest Open Championship in history. The tedious business of qualifying will be over and one or two distinguished men will be kicking themselves as they pack their bags and book their homeward tickets, but the rest will be just embarking on the supreme test of 72 holes round one of the toughest "examinations" ever set in golf.

How exciting it all will be, and how anxiously will those who have staked more than they can afford on the score being 290 or more look out of their windows in the morning to see whether the trees are bowed sideways by a healthy gale or limp and lifeless in a costly calm!

The result of the Ryder Cup I do not, at the moment of writing, know—but I do know this, that Cotton is the consistently lowest scorer on either side. The bookmakers, I see, have made him favourite, though that is the only praise I can give to their odds. The field in the Open really amounts to twenty-five or thirty runners—at least, that is the limit of those who have any real chance of winning—yet the layers of odds have the impertinence to offer 10-to-1, or worse, against three of them, and 12-to-1 against the next thirteen *en masse*. What a farce! I do not hold with public betting on golf, but if it is to be thrust upon us, let us at least have odds that are worth considering.

I wonder if it is too late for Charles Whitcombe to win the Championship. Three times he has had his chance, only to find, as he engagingly confessed in a newspaper article the other day, that his nerves were too much for him. Now he claims to have them under better control. As to the quality of his game in general, one can only say that he went round his native heath, Crews Hill, in 59 the other day. I played with him there once in heavy winter conditions, and managed to get round in 72, a score of which I was extremely proud. It was not much use boasting about it, however, as the

redoubtable Charles had a 65. On the day in question, 65 was, I can assure you, a quite impossible score. Now he has nipped 6 shots off it—and without a single 2. A friend of mine who is a member of the club has sent me the details, and though it is now three or four weeks since he did it, I think you might find it interesting to read his figures: 4-4-3-4-3-3-3-4-3=31; 3-4-3-3-3-3-3-3-3=28—ridiculous total, 59.

This extraordinary score was due, of course, to holing out in one on almost every green—but it brings one back instinctively to the old question of what is the ideal length of the golf ball. And that reminds me that I saw an article of Sam King's on the subject the other day in the *Sunday Referee*. Commenting on Whitcombe's round, he said, more than reasonably, "this sort of thing means that the course is not being played as it was designed to be played. The tremendous distances obtained with the modern ball and clubs, coupled with the accuracy of a man like Whitcombe,

simply leave the difficult carries and hazards of bygone days 'standing.' 'Home in two at any hole, and a drive and a kick at most of them,' is the rule nowadays."

So far so good, but then he falls into the old trap that has ensnared so many people who have entered the discussion on the question of the ball. He suggests that the old-fashioned cross hazards should be restored, the bunkering at short holes should be tightened up, and the size of the greens reduced in order to stop Whitcombe going round in 59.

Oh dear, oh dear! Whenever will people realise that the object of us martyrs who cry out for a curtailment of the ball is not to stop anyone going round in 59—or 49, if he likes—but to give him back the shots that the architect intended him to play? You can narrow the fairways, add to the bunkers, tighten up the greens, do what you like—but still you do not alter the fact that, if you keep the drive in play, a hole a quarter of a mile long is still a drive and a kick in summer.

(Continued on page 46)

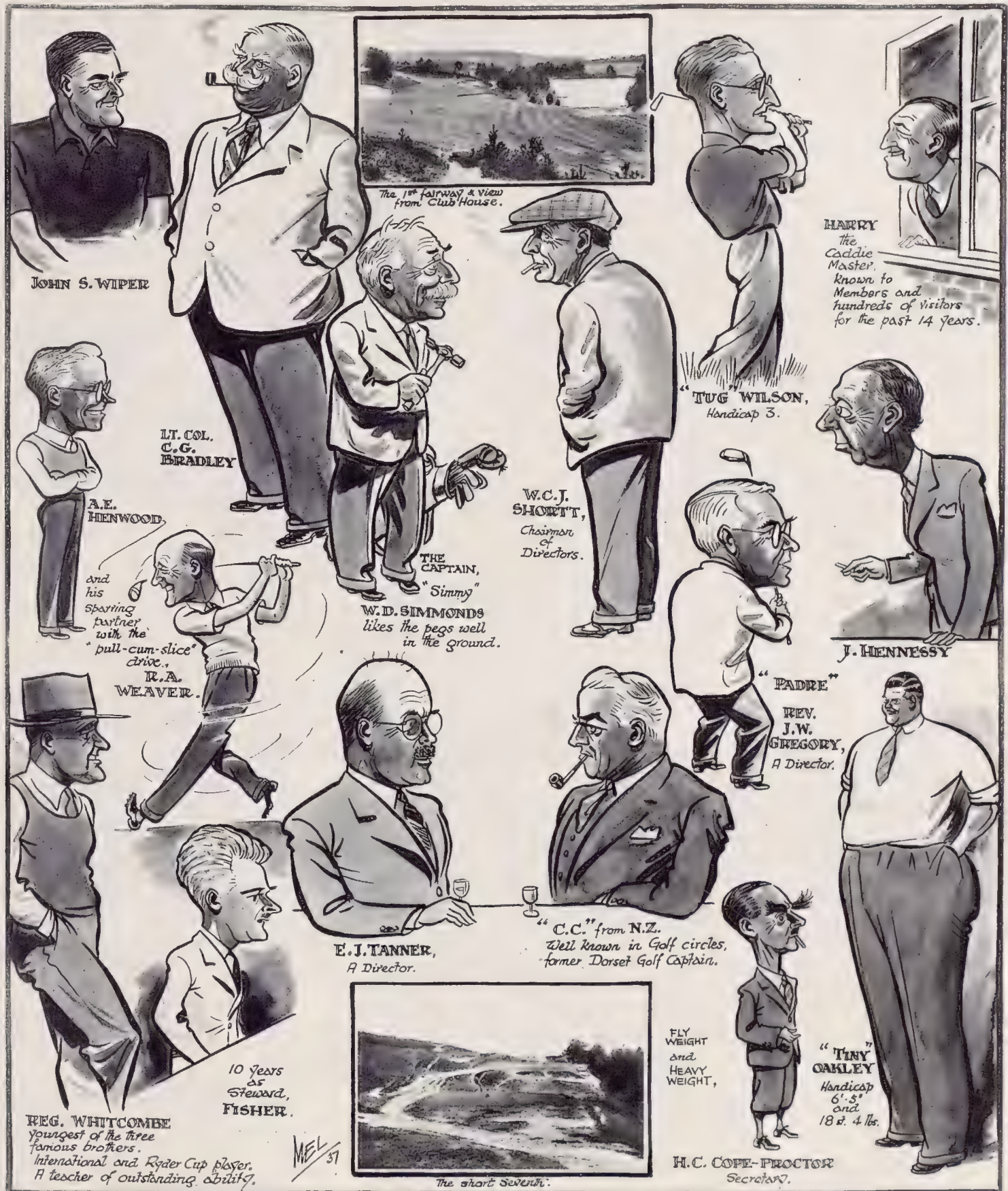


## AT SOUTHPORT: WIVES OF AMERICAN PLAYERS

"Men must play and women must watch" might be misquoted in connection with this picture of eager interest at the Ryder Cup tournament. In the picture are: Mrs. D. Shute, Mrs. H. G. Picard, Mrs. J. Revolta, and Mrs. T. Manero



## GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## PARKSTONE GOLF CLUB, DORSET—BY "MEL"

Parkstone Golf Club is about halfway between Bournemouth and Poole, among the pines and heather that lie inland from Canford Cliffs. The course has recently been altered and the new holes give greater length, while there is not nearly so much hill-climbing to be done as in the past. The course, from the scenic point of view, must be considered one of the prettiest on the South Coast, and when the new fairways have settled down it will afford a splendid example of interesting golf combined with the attractive surroundings so much in demand with the holiday golfer





Truman Howell

AT THE SOUTH HEREFORDSHIRE PUPPY SHOW: MR. W. W. B. SCOTT, M.F.H., MRS. A. SIMMONS, M.F.H., AND LORD KNUTSFORD, M.F.H.



Poole, Dublin

AT A THEATRICAL GARDEN-PARTY IN DUBLIN: MRS. BRIGID GANLY AND LORD LONGFORD



Poole, Dublin

THE IRISH LADY CHAMPION, MRS. H. V. GLENDINNING



Truman Howell

CAPTAIN P. G. SHARP AND GEORGE



Holloway

THE BISHOP OF MALMESBURY WINS A RACE

This collection of varied activities begins with a picture of the Master of the South Herefordshire, Mrs. A. Simmons, and the judges at her puppy show. Mrs. Simmons was formerly Master of the Tedworth, Lord Knutsford is Joint-Master of the V.W.H. (Cirencester), and Mr. Scott, Master of the North Cotswold. The last is a brother-in-law of J. C. Clay, who made cricket history by taking seventeen wickets in one match. The Irish theatrical garden-party was held in Lord Longford's grounds at Grosvenor Park, Dublin. Mrs. Brigid Ganly, A.R.H.A., is the daughter of Mr. Dermot O'Brien, President of the Royal Hibernian Academy. Mrs. Glendinning, a Portrush golfer, defeated Mrs. E. L. Kidd (Milltown) at the thirty-seventh hole in the finals of the Irish Championship on her home course. She is the daughter of the late Harold Read, who won the Irish Close Amateur Championship in 1897, 1899, and 1903. Captain Sharp is a former Master of the Wye Valley Otterhounds; George, his pet otter, is four months old. The Bishop of Malmesbury won the Fathers' Race at the Kingwell Court School Sports, Bradford-on-Avon, and from the picture it seems that one might describe the event as: "three lengths, a distance between second and third; going, hard"





Hassano, Dover Street

### AT HOME AT GLYNDEBOURNE: MR. AND MRS. JOHN CHRISTIE AND THEIR CHILDREN

Meet here the founder of the Glyndebourne Festival, whose venture of bringing opera to Sussex has been so immeasurably successful that Glyndebourne is now known as the English "Salzburg." It was only a few years ago that Mr. John Christie, a nephew of Lord Portsmouth and formerly an Eton master, had the idea of building a theatre on to his house and presenting the greatest of Mozart's operas. Soon this became an annual event, and nowadays there are few people who have not experienced the musical delights which Glyndebourne provides in the most enchanting surroundings. This year the season opened on May 19 and closed last Saturday, July 3. Mrs. Christie is herself an opera singer and has taken leading parts at Glyndebourne in "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Don Giovanni," amongst other operas. A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. St. John Mildmay, of Vancouver, B.C., Mrs. Christie sings under her maiden name of Audrey Mildmay. Mr. and Mrs. John Christie's two jolly children are called, respectively, George and Rosamund



## THE ENCÆNIA AT OXFORD



SIR WILLIAM AND  
LADY ROTHENSTEIN



MR. ORMSBY-GORE AND LADY  
BEATRICE ORMSBY-GORE



PROFESSOR GILBERT  
AND LADY MURRAY



MR. A. P. HERBERT WITH MR. AND  
MRS. LINDSAY



SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE, MRS. GRUNDY  
AND LADY LIVINGSTONE

The Encænna is the conferring of honours by the University, and it occurs during Commemoration Week, which is the period when the City of Spire sets out to enjoy itself. Above are some of the distinguished visitors at this more serious episode in the week, when those whom the University takes pleasure to honour are duly acclaimed and eulogised in faultless Latin. Sir William Rothenstein, Principal of the Royal College of Art, a Trustee of the Tate Gallery, and a member of the Royal Fine Art Commission, was one of the official artists to the British and Canadian Armies during the Great War. He is an Hon. D.Litt. of Oxford. Mr. Ormsby-Gore, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, is a New College man (incidentally, it was "new" in 1379). Professor Gilbert Murray is D.Litt. Oxford and Litt.D. Cambridge, besides holding many high degrees from other Universities; he is one of our greatest classic scholars. He has translated much of the classic drama into very attractive English verse, for which many of the less erudite of us owe him thanks. Mr. A. P. Herbert is a Burgess, which means an M.P. for the University; he is the only man in whose bonnet bees swarm throughout the year—and some of them are real busy bees that actually do good! Mr. Lindsay is Master of Balliol and Vice-Chancellor. Sir Richard Livingstone is President of Corpus Christi and a great classicist with many learned works to his credit.



## WHITE'S PLAY GOLF AT SANDWICH



MRS. VIVIAN LOYD AND MR.  
AND MRS. RUPERT BYASS



AN ANXIOUS AUDIENCE: PRINCESSE DE CARAMAN-  
CHIMAY AND THE HON. MRS. ROBERT WATSON



SIR JOHN FITZGERALD AND  
MRS. J. PALEY JOHNSON



MRS. J. PALEY-JOHNSON, MISS OLIVE ROBINS  
AND MRS. RICHARD ALLAN



SIR IAN STEWART-RICHARDSON, MR. SIMON COMBE  
AND MR. DAVID HENEAGE

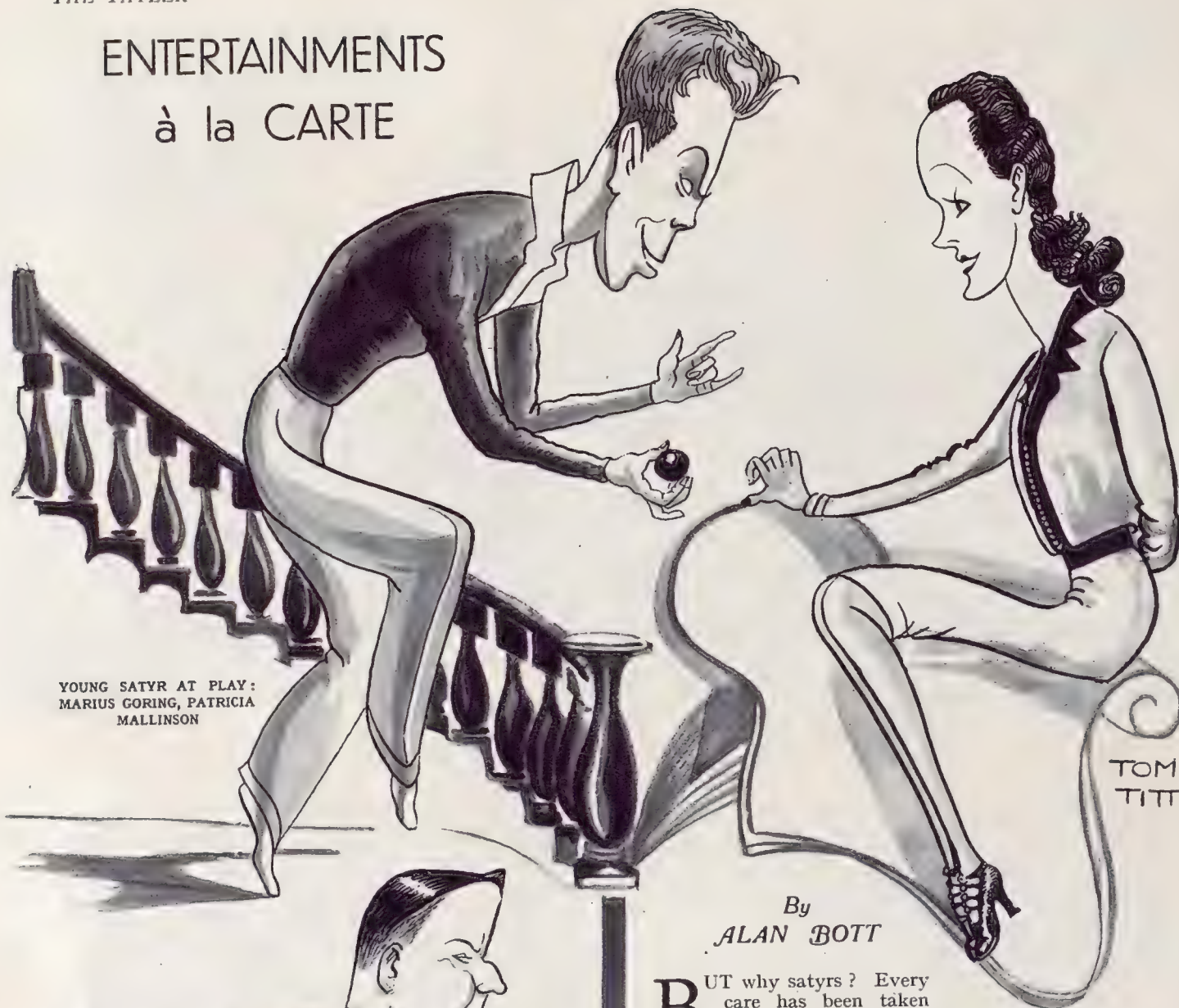
The weather was in its most benignant mood when White's played their annual golf tournament at Prince's, Sandwich, last week, and in this page the society sniper has managed to bag a few who were there, either playing or looking on. One of the most important and, at the same time, popular personalities is the Countess Munster, whose husband died fighting against Mr. Robert Sweeny, the British Amateur Champion, who won the singles, beating Mr. E. Martin Smith, a former Amateur Champion. The class, it will be observed, was pretty high. Count Paul Munster has let his Austrian Schloss, Wasserleonberg, to the Duke of Windsor. The twenty-first Knight of Kerry, is seen with Mrs. Paley Johnson, whose husband was defeated by Lord Rosebery, who, in his turn, fell a victim to Mr. E. Martin Smith

(ON RIGHT) AT AN OBSERVATION POST:  
MR. KENNETH WAGG AND COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER





# ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE



YOUNG SATYR AT PLAY:  
MARIUS GORING, PATRICIA  
MALLINSON

TOM  
TITT

By  
ALAN BOTT

Why  
Drag  
In  
Satyrs?

**B**UT why satyrs? Every care has been taken that this play at the Shaftesbury, concerning a young man afflicted with a lust for killing young girls, shall not be sensational. It is a secret, unconscious, occasional lust. Between his sudden attacks, the monster is a pleasant, personable youth with a pronounced sympathy for those younger than himself. After the sleep that follows each murderous event, he has no knowledge of what he has done. He belongs to a type well known in the records of criminal lunacy. If he and his mania were sensationalised, if he were shown twitching with desire and clutching at the white flesh of terrified victims while they screamed and fought, Mr. Paul Leslie's *Satyr* could not have passed the censor, and in any case would be too repulsive except for the specialist in morbid thrills. Instead, it is a matter of "atmosphere" and of calm display of the circumstances preceding and succeeding unseen savageries that are implied merely by a darkened stage and a lowering of the curtain, while the victims are still unafraid. It suggests a translation into drama of something from the clinical case-book of an alienist. If it were no more than that, the drama would be so dim, while remaining horrible, that its appeal might be limited to the criminologist, the psychologist and the morbid layman. So Mr. Paul Leslie has given his theme a romantic aura by linking it with the rape of nymphs by satyrs, and their progenitor the great god Pan, when Greece and the world were young.

"We have seen the cloven hoof and heard the pipes of Pan," pronounces the elderly doctor who has conspired with the degenerate's mother to shield him from self-knowledge and the lunatic asylum. Poor old Pan! It is hard luck on him and the *Sileni* and *Satyrisci*. In fact—or rather, myth—the goat-god's most usual relation with maidens was to be master of ceremonies at their woodland dances, when he was not disporting himself with the chase in mountain and valley; and though he snatched the daughters of men



TOM TITT

SILENUS IN NEW YORK: A. E. MATTHEWS



for other purposes, the habit went no further than was practised later by the gods on Olympus. As for the satyrs, they loved to pounce on nymphs; but (except in their identification with the Dionysiac orgies of humans) they did not set out to kill, and were guilty of no more than Arcadian rape, or deflowering in the forest. They left the maidens all forlorn, and sometimes trampled and torn, but alive (in some instances it is recorded that the nymph did not hesitate to return for more). Although theorists of pathology may have symbolised the term "satyr" in building up long words about a predatory mania, the honest-to-legend satyrs were no more habitual slayers of maidens than were their Roman cousins, the fauns. Yet, just as many of the millions who saw *The Private Life of Henry VIII.* at the pictures continue to believe that this monarch habitually threw his gnawed chicken-bones all over the dining-room, so will some of the thousands who see *Satyr* now believe that the Greek god of shepherds, and the creatures in his image, were monstrous murderers by habit.

Young Peter de Meyer in the play, above the remarkably bright blue eyes which Marius Goring lends him, has blond hair combed back to look faun-like. He is a composer, and his music is no doubt meant to imply the satyr's enticement with pipe and flute; especially as Peter (like the *entr'acte* pianists) favours the Debussy of "Children's Corner" and "L'Après-midi d'un faune." And it is revealed that as a child he suffered the removal from his head of a growth resembling a goat's horn! So he is a freak among freaks, even in his own class of maniacs, not one in fifty of whom is a musician and none of whom are known to have been born with a goat-horn. Beyond this fantastic flimflam, he is a murderer of a particularly abominable type, who is invested with a degree of pathos because his nature is otherwise gentle, and is ignorant of the shameful acts done during brainstorm.

A trick of stage lighting drives home the contrast between attractive youth and its beast within. The mother and the elderly doctor, through discussion of their flight to New York following a child-murder in New Orleans, and through talk of the possible danger to the girls now playing outside their window, have prepared an atmosphere of doom. This is intensified by the stairway, which is so arranged that coming descents cast distorted shadows before them. It is a bloated, sinister shadow that precedes Peter's entrance; but the substance behind the shadow becomes an agreeable young man championing the children, and approaching with love that seems fresh and innocent the nice young woman who wants to marry him. Within the same Act, he goes all weird and glassy-eyed, as a prelude to conversation with the small, female waif from the street whom he is to destroy; but the weirdness is done as discreetly as the fall of the curtain while the victim-to-be confides and chatters. It is his swollen shadow, again, that induces visual horror, when Peter descends from his long, self-cleansing sleep, after his protectors have disposed of the waif's body. And the shadow on the stairway further keys up tension when his mother, driven by the danger of public disclosure, has gone to warn him and Tell All.

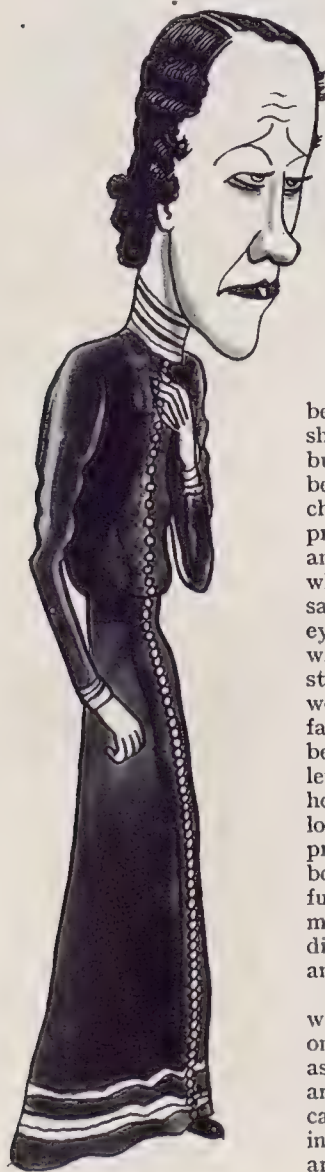
Another murderous episode, for which Peter adopts goatlike stances on the floor and a chair-top, is as restrained as the first in its avoidance of frenzy, or of anything that can startle. The only moment in the play which titivates the amateurs of thrills (it caused the woman next to me to cry "Ouch!") is Peter's clutch at his fiancée;

and that is for a normal embrace. Even the pistol-shot, off-stage, that solves his problem brings no shock.

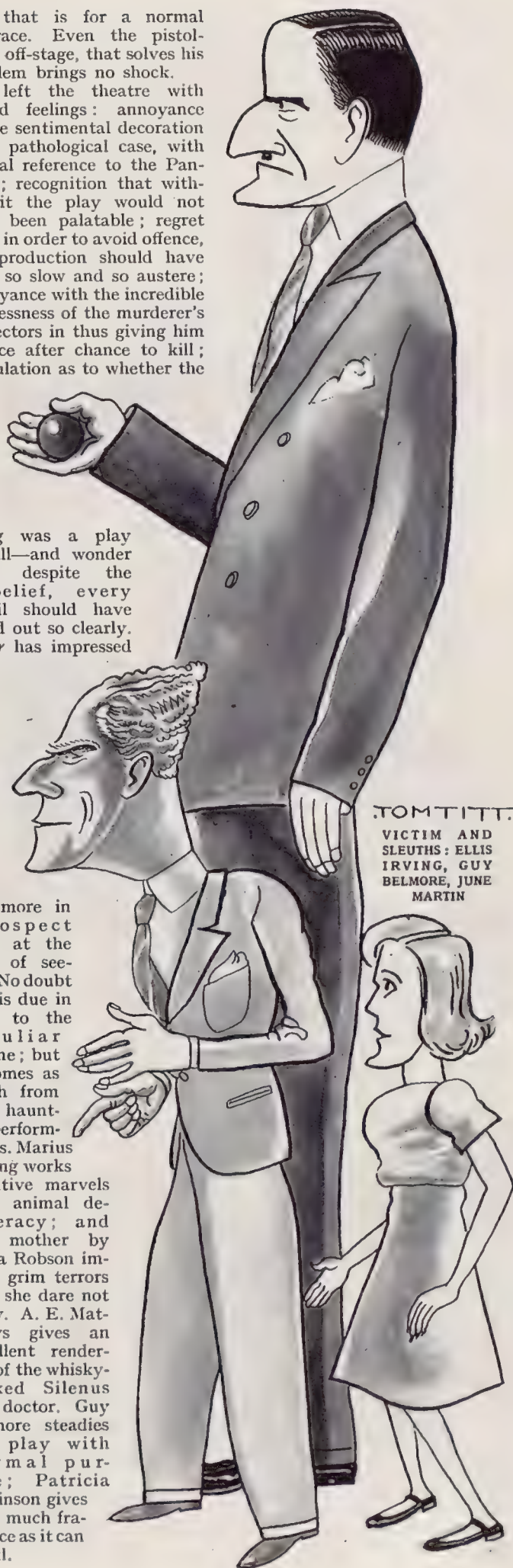
I left the theatre with mixed feelings: annoyance at the sentimental decoration of a pathological case, with special reference to the Pan-stuff; recognition that without it the play would not have been palatable; regret that, in order to avoid offence, the production should have been so slow and so austere; annoyance with the incredible carelessness of the murderer's protectors in thus giving him chance after chance to kill; speculation as to whether the

thing was a play at all—and wonder that, despite the disbelief, every detail should have stood out so clearly. *Satyr* has impressed

me more in retrospect than at the time of seeing. No doubt this is due in part to the peculiar theme; but it comes as much from two haunting performances. Marius Goring works sensitive marvels with animal degeneracy; and the mother by Flora Robson implies grim terrors that she dare not show. A. E. Matthews gives an excellent rendering of the whisky-soaked Silenus of a doctor. Guy Belmore steadies the play with normal purpose; Patricia Mallinson gives it as much fragrance as it can stand.



GRIM MOTHER:  
FLORA ROBSON



TOM TITT.  
VICTIM AND  
SLEUTHS: ELLIS  
IRVING, GUY  
BELMORE, JUNE  
MARTIN





Star Presse

## CONSIDERING THE LILIES

Mlle. Edwidge Feuillère, a beautiful and clever actress who was at one time a member of the famous company of the Comédie Française, but who has made an even greater name for herself at various theatres of the boulevards, and also on the screen

OF all the galas that gave colour to *la Grande Semaine*, *Très Cher*, it was certainly that of the performance of *Candida* in English that pleased me best. And yet, at this moment of the year, the sight of a first-night invitation card usually sends a cold trickle of horror down my spine, and I have nothing but gratitude for the French custom which invariably causes half the theatres of Paris to close down during July and August. Since last September I have averaged something like three new plays a week. This includes opera, opera-comique, revue and musical comedy, but excludes music-hall, though music-halls have occasionally been attended *pardessus le marché*. At the time of writing, therefore, the atmosphere of an auditorium is utterly abhorrent, and the idea of being shut up in a theatre for yet another evening brings out all that is bad in my character. It thus follows that I ought to have been delighted when I discovered that *The Tatler* is unknown to Mr. Bridges Adams's (or is it Adam Bridges?) secretary, and that apparently no seats were available for the first performance of the distinguished company of English actors brought to Paris by the British Council.

But, such is the contrariness of my nature, I was quite heart-broken. I rang up a friend, who happens to be the Paris representative of a famous firm of literary agents, and asked her to intervene with the polyglot staff that apparently surrounds Mr. B. A. (or A. B.). Her answer was short and sharp, and from her terse comments I gathered that she also had been treated with a curiously un-British lack of consideration. We sympathised and wept, so far as this could be done over the wire, on each other's shoulders, and, having found consolation in our mutual woes, went on our way to attend to other, more important, matters. We need not have wept. Within the next hour I had received the offer of three separate sets of tickets belonging to certain French critics who, not understanding a word of English,

## Priscilla in Paris

were asking me to deputise for them. I rang up my friend again, and discovered that the same thing had happened to her.

Thus, *Très Cher*, I am able—no thanks to the organisers, however—to tell you how greatly Paris enjoyed the wonderful performance given by Diana Wynyard, Athene Seyler, Nicholas Hannen, Geoffrey Edwards, Edward Chapman, and Stephen Haggard. To use the French expression, which in this case serves so aptly, we were ravished. Ravished, carried away, enchanted . . . by the perfection of every detail of the acting and the production. Parisian first-nights have accustomed us to plays that begin half an hour after the time announced in the daily Press; to endless waits between Acts, since the leading lady's dressing-room, the foyer, and the passages are the *derniers salons où l'on cause*, and never, in memory of critic, has a *répétition générale* or a *première* ended earlier than well after midnight.

One must have lived away from England for as long a time as I have to appreciate all the little things that you Londoners take as a matter of course . . . and you must forgive me for expatiating upon them with such enthusiasm. We rushed breathlessly to our seats,

and stared at each other in delighted amazement when the strains of the "*Marseillaise*" and "*God Save the King*" were heard two minutes before the curtain was raised at the hour announced. Later, those of us who do not smoke found it pleasant to remain in our seats—the stalls are roomy and comfortable at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées—while an excellent little orchestra played through ten-minute intervals, and when the last curtain fell we were amazed to discover that the hour was only a little after eleven, which was very agreeable for the *courriéristes* with articles to write, and the spectators, who like to get home early, though it may have been a little upsetting to the night-club habitués, who wondered what on earth to do with themselves till midnight.

We revelled in the cleverness of Geoffrey Nares' stage set, so utterly the "late-Victorian" living-room of a house that *Candida* must indeed have found hard work to run. Every detail was perfect, and the well-tended shabbiness reminded me of the study in which I was "prayed over" by the good old Bayswater parson who prepared me for confirmation more years ago than I care to count. The dresses, too, were so exactly right. Over here,

*Candida's* gowns would have been a *grand couturier's* impression of what was worn in 1895; but Diana Wynyard's frocks might have been worn by her own mother. What can I say about Miss Wynyard herself? We were all prepared to love her, for the film version of *Cavalcade* has endeared her to Paris; but even so, we did not expect her to be quite so enchanting as she is in reality, or to speak with such perfect diction. The last applies to the whole company, and yet we all know what a barn of a place the "Champs-Élysées" is for comedy. There is much more that I would like to write about, but you would have to give me another page. . . . All I can say is: "Thanks tremendously, and please come again next year."

PRISCILLA.



## THE CHARM OF CHINA

Miss M. S. Chu, an Oriental lovely who steps to conquer every night at the Paris Tabarin, wearing the most magnificent clothes. Many of her country's age-old traditional dances are included in her very large repertoire



## THE PARIS SEASON

## "LA GRANDE SEMAINE"



THE MARQUISE MELCHIOR DE POLIGNAC,  
M. HIRVÉ ALPHAND AND MME. JOSEPH SERT



THE DUCHESSE DE MIRE-  
POIX AND PRINCE RENÉ DE  
BOURBON-PARME



THE COMTESSE RENÉ DE CHAMBRUN  
AND H.H. THE AGA KHAN



VICOMTE JACQUES DE LA BÉRAUDIÈRE,  
MME. ROLLO AND MRS. JOHN MOFFAT



MRS. NOEL CHARLES



H.H. THE BEGUM AGA KHAN  
AND MR. D. SICKLES



MRS. CLAUDE TAYLOR AND  
GENERAL PICCIO

Among the other festivities of the climax of Paris Exhibition season was the dinner-dance of some 500 guests given by the Baronne de Vaxelaire, wife of the Belgian Commissioner-General at the Exhibition. Above are some of her guests. M. Hirvé Alphand, as Directeur des Accords Commerciaux, established a claim to the position of youngest Cabinet Minister in France—he is only twenty-nine. Mme. Sert is the wife of the well-known Spanish artist and sister of the late Prince Alexis Mdivani. Prince René de Bourbon-Parme is a brother of the ex-Empress Zita of Austria. The Duc de Mirepoix's family has been established in the Ile de France since the eleventh century; he is also a Grandee of Spain. The Comtesse René de Chambrun is a sister of M. Laval. Mrs. Noel Charles is the wife of the British Counsellor of Embassy in Brussels. Mr. "Dan" Sickles is a member of the French Jockey Club and a keen aviator who flies his own seaplane on the Mediterranean. Mrs. Claude Taylor is the wife of the British Commissioner-General at the Exhibition. General Piccio holds the same office on behalf of Italy. H.R.H. Princess Alexander is the widow of the late King Alexander of Greece; her companion is a member of the cadet branch of the famous family of Polignac, lords of the Loire Valley so long ago as the twelfth century



H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF GREECE  
AND COMTE JEAN DE POLIGNAC



## RECENT RACING AT BRIGHTON



THE MASTER OF GRAY AND THE  
HON. EVELEEN CAMPBELL-GRAY



MAJOR STAPLETON-BRETHERTON, COLONEL  
DENNISTOUN AND MISS HOWELL



THE HON. WILLIAM DOUGLAS-HOME  
AND MISS PARAVICINI



MR. O. V. WATNEY, A WINNING OWNER,  
WITH MRS. WATNEY



CAPTAIN AND LADY MARY KIRK  
AND THEIR DAUGHTER



C. SMIRKE AND MISS  
NORAH WILMOT

The above pictures were taken at the recent meeting at the pleasant course on the Downs, near Brighton, which some have conjectured to be the scene of Surtees' Rosebery Rocks races, where Mr. Bunting got his nose in front of Mr. Jasper Goldspink. Some personalities at the recent Brighton meeting. The Master of Gray trains at Stoughton, near Chichester; he is the eldest son of the Baroness Gray and the Hon. Eveleen Gray is his sister. Major Stapleton-Bretherton is the breeder of Baron F. de Tuyl's Portway Lane, winner of the Regency Plate at this meeting. The Hon. William Douglas-Home is Lord Home's fourth son; his companion is the daughter of the Swiss Minister. Mr. O. V. Watney won the Sussex Plate with The Dentist; he had several running on the two days. Lady Mary Kirk is Lord Fingall's sister; her husband was formerly a 17th Lancer, in which regiment Lord Fingall also served. C. Smirke won the Montsecomb Plate on Mr. F. C. Minoprio's Coxswain and Miss Wilmot is an owner under both codes.





## MENTAL CRUELTY

By

H. M. BATEMAN





## HEATH STREET

By R. G.

Hampstead has a reputation for peace and quiet living, though this did not hold good in mediaeval days—indeed, the evil-doers of the village on the high ground north of the city were then notorious. The Honourable Artillery Company, the oldest regiment in the Army, found inception in an armed band organised to defend London from the bandits of Hampstead. Every evening the sergeant in charge of the guard fired a shot into the air at sundown to reassure the citizens that their defenders were on watch, and that shot is still fired every evening to the present day. But now Hampstead is a very quiet and law-abiding district, whose residents boast of the superiority of its





## T, HAMPSTEAD

MATHEWS

air over that of the lower-lying areas to southward: it can claim more than a fair share of intellectuality—writers and artists inhabit its byways, modernity has laid its hand but lightly on the surroundings. Fine old houses and old-fashioned nooks and corners are still to be found there and some surcease from bustle and restlessness. There are green trees and open spaces, there are “tiddlers” in the ponds for the very young. In winter it is to Hampstead Heath that the North Londoner turns for skating and tobogganing; in summer he seeks it for fresh air—and maybe dalliance. It is a street full of quiet contentment that the artist has selected for his subject



# GOOD HEALTH!



Doctors advise Kia-Ora  
Doctors drink Kia-Ora  
Concentrated and Pure

Lemon, Orange, Grapefruit,  
Lime Juice - 2/- a large bottle  
Barley Lemon 1/9 a large bottle



## THE "GREAT YORKSHIRE" CENTENARY SHOW



## SOME PERSONALITIES OF YORKSHIRE FARMING—By ALBERT LANGLANDS

The County of Broad Acres is also one of good farmers, and their efficiency will be displayed in the "Great Yorkshire" Centenary Show at York (July 13 to 15). This pageful of people important in this event includes Colonel Stanyforth, who is Chairman of the Council, Lords Fitzwilliam, Middleton and Halifax, and Colonel Wharton, who are all past Presidents (and, incidentally, all past or present Masters of Foxhounds, Lord Halifax being Joint-Master of the Middleton and Colonel Wharton of the Cleveland, the others being synonymous with their hounds). Lord Grimthorpe, the other Joint-Master of the Middleton, is a vice-president. Lord Bingley (a former Bramham Master) and Sir Alfred Pease are vice-presidents; the Hon. Nigel Orde-Powlett is a member of the council. Mr. Cavers is the very able secretary, Mr. George Kendrew is chairman of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society. Lord Feversham, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Agriculture, is also an M.F.H.—Joint-Master of the Sinnington—and even the least reasonable of fox-hunting's detractors must admit that this page is evidence of the active interest taken by all true fox-hunters in forwarding the affairs of the country in which their sport is found





SOME OF THE WOMEN'S LEGION OF MOTOR-DRIVERS: GOING TO THE BIG PARADE IN HYDE PARK

The Marchioness of Londonderry, in the uniform of the Legion, is in the centre, with her sister, Lady Loch, on her right, and the other two ladies are Miss Wynn and Mrs. Cook. They were snapped on their way to the big parade of 80,000 veterans of the war who marched past H.M. the King in Hyde Park

IT is pleasant to read: "Whipsnade's first gala night has been a great success!" We then find out why—if we read on: "In the dark the wire fence is invisible, but among the trees creep faint shadows, and every now and again a howl or roar drowns the saxophones."

None of the animals was allowed out to join in the jolly fun—which seems a bit unkind after what they did to help.

Polo, that ancient game invented by those flat-faced people in Manipur early in the tenth century, obviously still possesses some sort of an allure even for the most modern spectator. This is really very heartening, and must be giving intense satisfaction to the shades of Firdausi, Omar Khayyám, and the many other Persian poets and litterateurs who wrote so gracefully about it. These poets' mantles

have fallen upon other shoulders, and if you keep your ears open you will gather the conviction that the enthusiasm is in no measure abated. It may not take quite the same form, but it is there, none the less.

Perhaps this electrical recording at a recent polo contest may help to demonstrate what an intelligent interest is evinced in this fast and breath-taking game:

"As I was just telling you when that stupid man blew his silly little whistle, I've got those horrid twins shot on to me for a fortnight—no, not my twins—how stupid you are, but my cousin Lydiah's—not the least like twins, one thin as a bit of string, the other all lumpy and bumpy—I suppose they must have the same fathia, but I do hope they don't grow up like him—an awful person, always talks as if he had his mouth full of nuts and walks with his arms hangin' down in front of him like that dreadful singin' man—bother that creature and his whistle! Another foul, did you say? How annoyin' of them—why can't they play properly instead of gettin' in one another's way like that? As I was saying, of course the twins have separate perambulatahs to sleep in—so unfair on the other child if they hadn't—Lydiah said she found that out quite a time ago! Oh, look! Now they've knocked a goal-post down again! That's the third time! I do think that at a first-class club like Hurlin'ham they might have propah goal-posts, don't you? They go over at the least touch! So stoopid! Simply appalling, I think, and the noise that man keeps makin'! Oh, I see—your shoes are exactly the same as



LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE AT ROEHAMPTON

A snapshot at that beautiful place, Mount Clare, Roehampton, where "Little Robin's Garden Party," a charity fête, was held recently. Lady Mary Cambridge is the only child of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge



Truman Howell

THE WELSH REGIMENT XI. AT CARDIFF

This picture was taken during the annual cricket week at Cardiff Barracks, when the regimental team was beaten by the Welsh Cygnets by 155 to 151. The names in the group are: (l. to r.; seated) Capt. J. Quinn, Lt.-Col. G. S. Brewis, the O.C., W. E. Prothero-Beynon, Major J. E. C. Partridge and Capt. R. M. Phillips; (standing) Capt. C. C. Coleman, R. S. M. Ainsworth, Capt. J. A. Goodwin, Capt. A. Duncan, Lt. B. T. V. Cowey and Sgt. Delahaye



Holloway

AT THE NORTHAMPTON SHOW

Well-known personalities at Kettering at the recent show—left to right—are: the Hon. Mrs. J. G. Lowther, Col. F. D. Alexander and Major H. C. Meredith (hunter judges), Col. J. G. Lowther, M.F.H. the Pytchley, Lord Exeter, a former Fitzwilliam Master, and Miss May and Miss Violet Wilson, the new Joint-Masters of the Pytchley (Woodland)



## By "SABRETACHE"



AT THE ETON AND WINCHESTER  
MATCH: MRS. ROBERT COBBOLD  
AND MR. GIBSON-WATT

The Eton and Winchester match, played this year on Agar's Plough at Eton, is a kind of preliminary canter for the Eton and Harrow turn-up at Lord's, which, incidentally, promises to be an interesting game this season. The Winchester match was drawn

lucky oyke to possess someone with such 'gifts of small-talk, coupled with such a bi-focal mind. If it is of any use to the Lady Tuba de Flutinton, I think I should like to mention that Firdausi likened man to a polo ball, tossed into the field of Existence and driven hither or thither by the polo stick of Destiny, wielded by the Hand of Divine Providence. Omar has said very much

mine, only blue—tens, did you say? I always take fours. Oh, what have they done now? The Horse Guards missed again! You stupid young man! I could have hit it through myself! Oh, do you know those charmin' people, the Hamley Bacons? She was a Miss Middlewhite, you remember? Big girl with an enormous mouth and eyes like oystahs? I think it is so unkind of people to call them Mummy and Puppy, even though she is such a hand-ful. We met them at Ascot—they were so pleased to see Muley and me—they hardly know anyone, you know. What on earth are they stoppin' for now?—another foul—that beastly whistle! One can hardly hear oneself speak, the row that silly man makes—but, as I was just telling you, Muley says he heard that she's really rather—well, you know, when a woman gets that way—far worse than a man . . . Oh, they've hit a goal at last! . . . but Muley says . . . that a man in The Rag told him that he heard . . .

This may not be quite like the poet Firdausi, but I am sure all those of us who were privileged to listen to it were convinced that it was terribly well-meant and that "Muley"—whoever he may be—is a very



A LARGE SHARK CAUGHT IN BRITISH WATERS: MRS. BARKER  
AND MRS. O. B. DEITER WITH THEIR CATCH

This shark was harpooned off the Scilly Islands, measuring 11 ft. 6 in.; it scaled 1120 pounds and was strong enough to tow the dinghy from which it was caught for miles. It is a basking-shark—harmless; therefore Scilly bathers need have no fear of being eaten alive—or dead!

the same thing, for he remarks that "the Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes [he may have meant to write "eyes and nose"] and right or left as strikes the Player goes; and He that toss'd thee down into the Field—He knows about it All—He knows." Firdausi likened the heart of the lover to the polo ball and the wavy locks of his *inamorata* to the curved stick or *Chaugan* which was the forerunner of the more mallet-like implement of to-day. However, it is not everybody who can come it quite so strong in the lyrical way. In ancient days, early tenth century, polo players were so keen that they were even ready to sell their wives to raise the price of a tournament-class pony. If "Muley" is a player, I wonder how much he thinks he could get for "Tuba"—nothing like tournament price, I should think. To conclude this note, I think it is only fair

(Continued on page xvi)



Holloway

## ALSO AT THE NORTHAMPTON AGRICULTURAL SHOW

Some bystanders keenly interested in the judging at this Midland Show. They are Mr. A. A. Ferguson, Capt. N. V. Stopford-Sackville, Lady Frederick and Mrs. Stopford-Sackville. Almost all the Pytchley Hunt were on the premises, and also many from adjoining hunting countries, as may be gathered from the picture on left



Howard Barrett

## THE UPPINGHAM ROVERS XI. v. NOTTS AMATEURS

Uppingham Rovers beat Notts Amateurs at Nottingham recently by six wickets. The leading performances on the winning side were N. S. Knight's 50, not out, and M. Clayton's 5 for 19

The Uppingham Rovers are: (standing) — Edwards (umpire), N. S. Knight, J. R. McCosh, D. B. Parkinson, D. W. Gillespie, P. Gillespie, W. J. Pershke; (seated) P. G. Upcher, M. C. Clayton, L. C. Dorman (captain), B. H. Dawson and W. A. Lupton





FOSTER-MOTHER, KEEPER  
AND "TIGER" MINOR

This collie is proving an excellent foster-mother to the cub, one of a litter a bit too numerous for Mrs. Tiger's comfort at the Zoo in Bristol. The babe was only 14 days old when the picture was taken. Another quaint instance of a foster-parent recently displayed in this paper was the pigeon who adopted two kittens

"YES," said the old man to his visitor, "I am proud of my girls and I'd like to see them comfortably married. As I have saved a little money, they will not go penniless to their husbands. There is Mary, twenty-five and a pretty girl. I'll give her £500 when she marries. Then comes Elizabeth, who I am afraid won't see thirty again. She shall have £1000, and the man who takes Rachel, who is forty, will have £2000 with her."

The visitor thought for a moment, and then said hesitatingly, "You haven't one about fifty, I suppose?"

The motorist had been pulled up for speeding. "I wish you'd overlook it this time, constable," he said. "As a matter of fact, I was hurrying to town on very important business."

"I'm afraid I can't help that," said the arm of the law.

"I never drive fast as a rule. But I've got to get to town quickly to see my solicitor—"

"Well," said the constable, "you'll have a bit more news for him now."



ANOTHER MOTHER AND BABY

The above most attractive study of Mrs. Leo Lyon and son comes from the Madison Zoo, Wisconsin, and if it had been specially posed nothing better could have been accomplished. The lion cub was only a week old at the time, and his good-looking mother has every right to be very proud of him

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

In a county court a Jewish counsel met his match in a witness of his own persuasion. The case concerned a suit of clothes. The counsel argued that his client was entitled to three months in which to pay his bill.

"Now, sir," said counsel to the witness, "had I ordered the suit instead of my client, would you have summoned me to court?"

"Vell, no," was the reply.

"And why not, pray?" asked counsel with a triumphant smile.

"Vell, because, you see, I should have vanted cash down from you."

\* \* \*

"We've got to give him something that'll back-fire in his nose and make him sneeze," said the veterinary surgeon, called to treat the lumber-jack. "Mix up a pint of linseed oil, castor oil and red pepper. Tell me how he feels in the morning."

The next morning the foreman called him on the 'phone.

"He sneezed last night," he said.

"That's fine," said the vet. "How many times?"

"Three," said the foreman. "Once before and twice after he died."

\* \* \*

The strong man was explaining his act to an agent.

"I place a cobble-stone on my head," he asserted, "and then my assistant picks up a sixteen-pound sledge-hammer, swings it with all his might—and cracks the cobble-stone in half!"

The agent was amazed.

"That sounds marvellous," he exclaimed, "but how about your head—don't you ever feel it?"

The strong man waved a nonchalant hand.

"Sure," he admitted.

"That's why I always carry aspirins with me."

\* \* \*

A minister, after visiting a church to preach, was given a meal at the manse of the resident minister.

A bad storm came on, and the visiting minister was invited to stay the night. He accepted the invitation thankfully, and while the wife went to prepare his room, the two clergymen started a theological discussion. The visitor thought he would verify a point by referring to a book he had upstairs.

At the top of the dark stairs he received a slap on the face and a woman's voice said angrily: "That's for asking the minister to stay."

\* \* \*

A man, just returned from outlandish parts, told how one day he entered a little local barber's shop for a shave.

He sat himself in the chair, and the barber immediately spat on the brush and began lathering.

"I say," protested the

tourist, "do you always spit on the brush like that?"

"Oh, no," came the reply. "That's only for visitors. For the local folks, I spit on their faces."



## BEAUTY IN THE SUN . . . .

Basking on the beach or sipping a cocktail on the *terrace*—it's wonderful how rapid the transition—how easily she slips from one rôle to another! Elizabeth Arden preparations safeguard her skin. For those who wish to tan gracefully Elizabeth Arden recommends Ideal Suntan Oil, which keeps the skin smooth and lustrous. Ardena Sunpruf Cream prevents sunburn or blistering, and enables you to regulate your tan to exactly the correct depth of colour. Ardena Protecta Cream dispels any danger of freckling: while Eight Hour Cream alleviates the irritation if sunburning has already taken place. Last there's the question of lovely legs: and the loveliest legs gain added beauty from Velva Beauty Film.



## AFTERNOON ELEGANCE . .

The background of beauty never varies. Wherever she goes and whatever she does, she maintains the regular refreshing routine of Cleansing, Toning, Soothing: Venetian Cleansing Cream, Ardena Skin Tonic and Orange Skin food are an essential part of her equipment. To her complexion she devotes particular care. Make-up begins with a Lille de France foundation, in exactly the proper tone: and, when the foundation has been applied, she employs Elizabeth Arden's new powder technique—her celebrated "Glamour Complexion"—which demands the use of two powders (Ardena and Japonica) not mixed but subtly superimposed. With the help of an Elizabeth Arden lip pencil, she gives her lips their distinctive clear-cut outline.



# Elizabeth Arden

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THE CHAMPIONS: THE GOULBURN (N.S.W.) TEAM

So much is said in the notes in this page about Goulburn's brilliant victory by 9 to 7 over a composite team called "The Jaguars" that nothing more needs saying here. The names (l. to r.) are Mr. R. R. Ashton (back), Mr. J. H. Ashton (3), Mr. G. G. Ashton (2) and Mr. R. Skene (1)

THIS is the short story of the final of the Championship Cup played at Hurlingham on Saturday, June 26th, and won by the Goulburn team of N.S.W.: Australia, playing by permission of the polo governing body of Australia as "Australia," by 9 goals to 7, against a team called "The Jaguars," composed of three of the best men to be found in England at the moment, plus one young player, an ex-Naval officer, who has made quite extraordinary progress and matches much enthusiasm with an even greater courage:—

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	Chukkers
GOULBURN	1	3	0	3	0	2	= 9
JAGUARS	0	1	2	2	1	1	= 7

The teams were in order (handicaps in brackets): Goulburn: Mr. R. S. Skene (6), Mr. G. G. Ashton (7), Mr. J. H. Ashton (7), Mr. R. R. Ashton (6), total 26 goals. The Jaguars: The Hon. W. K. Rous (3), Mr. G. Balding (8), Rao Rajah Hanut Singh (8), Mr. S. Sanford (7), total 26 goals. The winners played their spare man, Mr. R. Skene, whose father learnt his polo in India (Assam), instead of the fourth Ashton brother, Mr. P. S. K. Ashton, who was in the Goulburn team of 1930, which reached the final of the Championship and was beaten after a hot fight by Mr. S. Sanford's "Hurricanes." The "Jaguars" started their existence this season like this: The Hon. W. Keith Rous, Mr. S. Sanford, Mr. G. Balding and Mr. Winston Guest. In handicap tournaments the Duke of Roxburghe has been played instead of Mr. Winston Guest, who had to go back to America shortly after the side won the Roehampton Open (June 3rd). The Jaguars put in M. H. Couturié in the Ranelagh Open and were very soundly beaten (June 14th) by H.H. the Nawab of Bhopal's team 8 to 3.

## POLO NOTES: "SERREFILE" By

H.H. the Nawab was not able to play in his own side owing to his serious accident, but in his team was the Rao Rajah Hanut Singh, an original member of that side, a first choice for England last year, and put out by an accident, and, as the polo world knows, one of the most brilliant exponents of the present day, and also I think it will be generally conceded, the best-mounted polo player in the world. When the unwelcome news of the break-up of the Nawab of Bhopal's team came upon us, Rao Rajah Hanut Singh was at once invited to join "The Jaguars," and most people at once believed that the Championship was as good as over in spite of Mr. Rous's comparative inexperience. There was one person who declined to believe this, and that was the nigger who writes these notes. I have backed this Goulburn team to win all the way through, because I believe that when other things are practically equal a "team" is bound to beat "four men."

It has been stated in one of the papers that "The Jaguars" have been a team in being since the start of the season": but, in view of the facts set out above, this is obviously incorrect.

"The Jaguars" team which started for the Championship only came into being at the time of the entry for that Cup. As it stood at the final of the Ranelagh Open Cup the team was materially different, because it is not possible to place M. Couturié on the same mark as Rao Rajah Hanut Singh. If a rule, which, as it seems to me, is badly needed, were in force making it obligatory upon teams to stick to their four first line and two spares, "The Jaguars" would have had to play the Duke of Roxburghe when Mr. Winston Guest fell out. If they had played M. Couturié, who presumably was a preferred selection, they would not have been beaten 9 to 7 in the Championship, but by a very much bigger margin. The Rao Rajah Hanut Singh's inclusion in the side, he not being a "Jaguar" at all but one of the fine side which knocked them out 8 to 3 in the Ranelagh Open, was held to make the Championship a sitter for them. A last-moment importation, however good, makes nothing a sitter any more than one swallow makes a summer. It did not in this case, for the winners were a team all the time



TENSE EXCITEMENT AT THE CHAMPIONSHIP

A part of the huge gallery in the members' stand at Hurlingham when Goulburn beat the much-fancied "Jaguars." (L. to r.) Miss Diana Mills, who is a kinswoman of Lord Hillingdon; Miss Bee Bativala, who plays polo; and Miss Mollie Sullivan

and the losers are not yet a team. It is extremely probable that they may be one by the time the Coronation Cup at Ranelagh arrives, and that this result in the Championship may be reversed, but they are not as good a team as Goulburn at the moment—nothing like as good.

The first two chukkers in the Championship were the star turns of the whole shooting match, and though Goulburn led 4 to 1 at the end of the 2nd, they had not by any means disintegrated the opposition or got them off their balance—that followed later. It is a difficult thing to do this with any team that has Mr. G. Balding in it. He played like two men. The 3rd and 4th chukker figures, I suggest, tell the next part of the story (*vide table*). The Jaguars' last two goals were collected from penalties. I thought myself that the battle was as good as over at the end of the 4th; even though they were then lying neck and neck. The Goulburn side showed no sign whatever of having lost cohesion or punch, but I thought the others were not so happy and that they had discovered that it was twice as hard a road to travel as the one they had expected. Rao Rajah Hanut Singh

(Continued on page XIV)



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## LAWN TENNIS :: "By RABBIT"



ON THE WIMBLEDON FRONT

The Duke of Sutherland, who is a great enthusiast, and Miss Alice Marble, the American crack, who had just won her tie in the third round. Miss Marble is the American Champion: she beat Miss Helen Jacobs in America

consoling myself with the thought that all critics make mistakes sometimes, and that in this case I am in good company, since the seeding committee of the tournament echoed my judgment by passing over the claims of Crawford too.

And I must again reiterate that, when I saw him the first day of the meeting, in action against Menzel, I agreed with their decision not to place his name among the eight seeded players this year. For on that day he seemed, as I have already said, but a shadow of his former self. But subsequent events have proved us both too hasty in our judgment. For the ex-champion not only reached the last eight, but on the second Monday of the meeting he proved himself to be a very different player from what he appeared to be the previous week, by extending von Cramm to five sets in one of the finest matches there have been at Wimbledon during the last decade. And it is pleasant that when Crawford leaves our country, again in a few weeks' time, it will be with the cheers of the crowd, when he levelled the score at two sets all, still ringing in his ears. So nearly the victory might have been his; for, after the early loss of the first set, he so put on pressure in the next that he actually lead 5-4, only to lose the next three games for the set. But in the next two sets he was always the master, and it was exciting for all of us, who were once such admirers of his delicate finesse, to be able to applaud once more the way in which, in a bout of backhand driving, he will gradually narrow his angle across court until he has brought his opponent beyond the service line, leaving himself the whole of the other's forehand court to make his final *coup de grâce*. Incidentally, Crawford was serving much harder, and altogether he appeared suddenly to have recaptured much of the skill and power that brought him the Championship four years ago. But, all the same, those four years inevitably have taken their toll. And in the fifth set it was sad to see the way that he would sometimes almost reel at the end of a long rally, as though he was emerging from a dream of his own conjuring and disliking the reality as much as we, high up in the stands, were disliking the signs of his distress. For, as I heard a lady

I MUST commence this week with an apology. I did one of the players at Wimbledon an injustice in my article last week. Now I hasten to try and remedy my error of judgment,

remark in a crushing voice near me: "I should prefer an Empire victory."

Just that. Her only comment during the whole match. It is strange how politically many people take their pleasures, and what is even stranger is the fact that so many home supporters seem quite unable to realise how fortunate we are in possessing such a player as "Bunny" Austin to lead our British—and Empire, of course—troops into action. For some reason, he never receives the applause that he deserves for his play. Perhaps it is that its subtlety escapes all those spectators who, knowing nothing of the finer sides of the art of tennis co meevery year to Wimbledon looking simply for cannon-balls, caring little for a player who regards each match as a game of chess. And how beautifully he

played that game, in his encounter with another player who uses rather the same delicate methods as himself, "Bitsy" Grant. Of course, Austin has a much more classical stroke production than the American, but both of them play the same waiting game of looking four strokes ahead as they manoeuvre for their openings, rather than putting their trust in the sheer speed of stroke production that carries players like Budge and, to a lesser extent, von Cramm through round after round. I am writing this before the semi-final match between von Cramm and Austin takes place. It may easily be that the result will be the same as last year, when, in the semi-final, too, the German was victorious in a match that for beauty recalled the glories of the Wilding days. But, whatever happens, I would like to pay a very sincere tribute to the consistency of the Englishman's play over a series



A BIT OF PALMISTRY

Miss Valerie Scott, who was Britain's Junior Lady Champion in 1935, giving Mr. Jack Lysaght, the old Oxford tennis Blue, a glimpse into the future. The patient himself is said to be keen on astrology

of years. Other stars come and go; they hit the high spots—when they do hit them—with, perhaps, a greater splendour than Austin has ever done; but the fact remains, now that Perry has gone, there isn't another Englishman who can be certain of capturing a set off him, and less than half-a-dozen players in the world who can have any confident expectation of defeating him

(Contd. on page x)



Photos.: Stuart

## PAST CHAMPIONS AT WIMBLEDON

In this quite historic group which the camera was so lucky as to collect are (l. to r.) Mrs. Lakeman, the former Miss Joan Fry, "Big Bill" Tilden, winner of the Championship 1920-21 and '30, and recently Perry's opponent on his American tour, and Mrs. Godfree (née Kitty McKane), winner of the Women's Championship, 1924 and 1926



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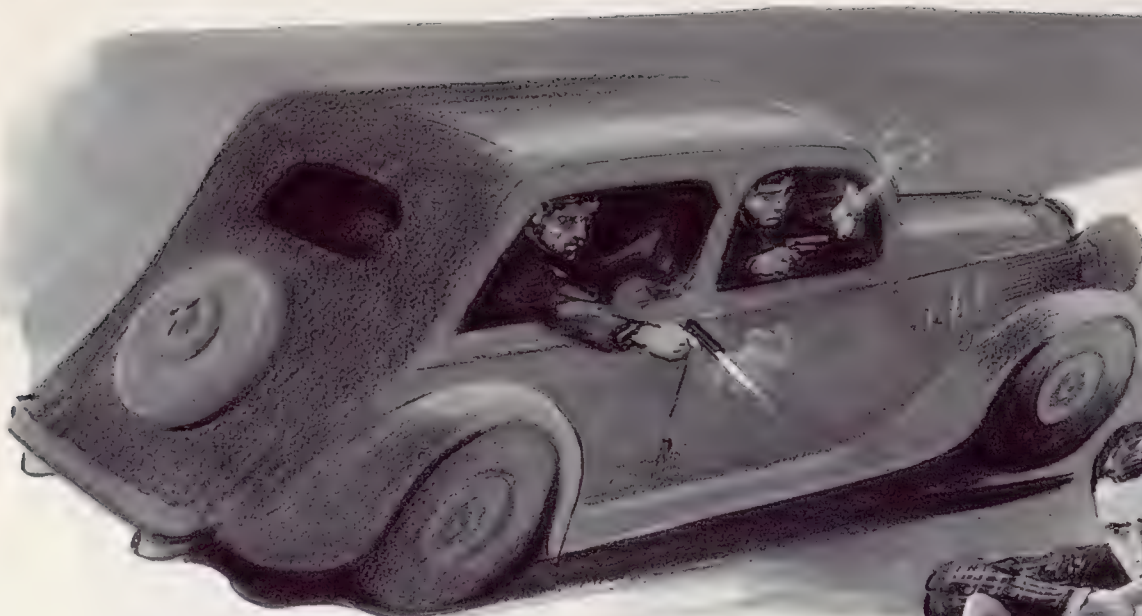
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## AS YE SOW—

By MARK HELLINGER

**T**HE story opens early in the Prohibition Era. Back in the days when smart guys with foresight began to see big dividends in the importation of good liquor. Tough days, those were—and you had to be tougher than the next man in order to survive in the racket.

At that time, Mickey Swan was on the way up. He was a big, bluff, hearty bird, with a heart that was both generous and cruel. He had surrounded himself with a dizzy bunch of young gunmen who would do anything he said. Thus, you would call him a gangster.

Of course, Mickey Swan did not insert paid advertisements to the effect that he was a gangster. Among his holdings was a large restaurant in the theatrical district, so he called himself a restaurant man. Which was, I suppose, as good as anything.

Mickey had a wife and a child of three. He had plenty of money, and a lot of power. But the man wasn't satisfied. He was on the climb, and he kept building his organisation until he had his hand in every racket in town. And even then he wasn't satisfied.

But, suddenly, something happened. Something that caused even Mickey Swan to think. . . .

His wife died. She was a devout Irish kid, and she loved Mickey more than life itself. She knew the type of man he was, but it made no difference. And that's what made it so difficult when it came time to die.

She knew she was going. And she cried a little when Mickey gulped like a kid and tried to pat her hand. The man was trying very hard to be tender—and the result was pathetic.

"Mickey," she said softly, "I'm thinking of Mary now. I don't want her to be brought up as a—as a gangster's daughter. I don't mean to hurt you, Mickey. But I can't be soft now, because my time is short.

"Mary is only a baby. In a little while, she won't even remember me. If you change your life now—if you live respectable-like and quit all this killing—she'll never remember you as Mickey Swan the gangster.

"Give her the chance I ask. It's the only favour I want now. I'll die happy, Mickey, if you'll promise to take care of Mary as a good father should. Promise me, Mickey. Please."

Mickey Swan wept as only a tough mug can. He promised. . . . Yes, he promised—but the lure of easy money is very great. It takes more than ordinary will power to resist it. So when Mrs. Swan had rested beneath green sod, and snow and green sod again, he compromised on his promise.

*They didn't wait to see whether Buck fell on his face or his back. It made no difference, anyhow. He had fallen.*



Mickey sent Mary away. He sent her to an exclusive school; a school in which all the little girls had blue blood and rosy futures. Mary had no blue blood, but Mickey paid huge sums for everything. And it was surprising how much social distinction that gave little Mary in no time at all.

This man gave his daughter everything that money could buy. He also changed her name. She was, he told the school authorities, Miss Mary Sawn. And he was, so far as they were concerned, Mr. Michael Sawn. . . .

The years flew by, and Mickey Swan had his ups and downs. Some years were good, some were bad. But in the main, the man did not change very much.

Mary changed, though. She grew to girlhood, and then adolescence. And then high heels and soft eyes. Mary

*(Continued on page 40)*



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## AS YE SOW—(Continued from page 38)

was a lady before Mickey realised it. He was still thinking in terms of babies when she wrote to him about "a nice young man near the school." That, too, made Mickey think.

When Mary left school Mickey rented a nice home on upper Long Island and installed her there with a cook and a maid. She, of course, had no idea that Michael Sawn was the notorious Mickey Swan. She knew her father as a wealthy restaurant man, and nothing more.

Mickey loved this girl now, and he found more and more time to be near her. He had always felt a great affection for her, but now that affection was almost reverence. Because Mary had grown to look almost exactly like her mother.

Thus matters moved along very smoothly until early spring. Then, as he sat at home with Mary one evening, she told him a bit of news.

"There's something I must tell you about, Dad, and I do hope you won't be angry. When I was doing my social service work for the poor on the lower East Side just before Christmas, I met a man named Martin. You wouldn't know him, Dad, because — well, he's a gambler. They call him Buck Martin, and—"

The girl prattled on. But Mickey Swan heard no more for a while. That name had chilled him. Buck Martin was a small-time heel, a petty racketeer and blackmailer. Why, Martin wasn't respected even in the lowliest gang circles. And now his little Mary—the girl who looked so much like her sweet mother—had met this rat!

"And so," the girl was saying, "we began to see more and more of each other. I thought—oh, what's the use of a long speech, Daddy? He's asked me to marry him, and I'm very much in love with him. When you've met him, Dad, will you say it's all right? Please?"

Mickey Swan wasn't very coherent. He

murmured something that sounded like okay, and he left the house rather hurriedly. And the following morning found him making a brief but very important phone call.

"You can't miss on this one," were his clipped words. "He generally hangs around Irving Place. Get him about ten to-night, and get him right. Don't phone me until the job is done. I'll be here at the office."

He hung up—and all that day, Mickey Swan sat alone in his office. He thought of his wife. And of the promise he had made. And of how he had grown to love that kid of his beyond almost everything else in the world.

Now she had to fall in love with a heel like Buck Martin. A cheap nobody. A double-crosser who would make her life miserable. Well, he was playing the safe course. Get rid of Buck and you won't have to worry about Mary. It was the only way out.

Mickey sat there into the night. Into the night he told himself that he was doing the right thing. And into the night he told himself that even Mary's mother would have nodded approval.

Ten o'clock came and went. Eleven o'clock. And then came the phone call that the job had been pulled at nine-thirty. They didn't wait to see whether Buck fell on his face or his back. It made no difference anyhow. He had fallen. . . .

An hour later, Mickey Swan took a train at the Pennsylvania Station. He bought a batch of newspapers, and settled himself in the smoker. He wondered how Mary would take the news. Not too hard, he hoped.

Then he saw page one of a morning newspaper. In the left-hand corner, under the heading of "Latest News Bulletins," he read the following paragraph:

"Buck Martin, East Side hoodlum, was slightly wounded to-night on Irving Place when gangsters fired from a passing car. He will recover. His companion, identified as a Miss Mary Sawn, was instantly killed. . . ."

THE END.



Fayer of Vienna

MRS. CHARLES SWEENEY: A RECENT PORTRAIT

Mrs. Charles Sweeny, known as one of England's most beautiful women, has recently welcomed a baby daughter. Her husband is a well-known American amateur golfer. Before her marriage she was Miss Margaret Whigham. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Whigham, of Queen's Hill, Ascot



# SOPHISTICATION SURRENDERS

In this age we are surrounded by so many beautiful things to wear that we are inclined to be a little blasé. Even the most hardened socialite, however, must thrill to the sheer, fine luxury of Bear Brand Stockings—so modestly priced at 3/11 to 8/11 that one can revel in their beauty yet still keep a calm pass book.



## Bear Brand Crepe Luxury Stockings 3/11 to 8/11







AT THE AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS' DINNER

The Society of British Aircraft Constructors held a banquet at Grosvenor House in connection with the annual display of aircraft at Hatfield Aerodrome. In the picture are Lt.-Col. A. J. Muirhead (Under Secretary of State for Air), Mr. F. Handley Page and Prince Georges Bibesco

#### Sun in Your Eye.

**A**EROPLANES, like onions, make the eyes water when they attract attention to themselves in a wide-open, sunlit sky. We can, I suppose, regard this year's Royal Air Force Display as by far the most successful ever held. In these columns in former years I have sometimes felt it necessary to point out weaknesses in the programme, but this year I can give unstinted praise. The chief reason was that the Display Committee kept to a single, simple objective—that of mass. With very few exceptions, they did not try to interest the spectators in flying technique or in individual aerobatics. They concentrated upon bringing lots of aeroplanes together and upon making them do things together. They scattered 260 of them all over the sky; they made whole squadrons manoeuvre together and launch attacks together. There were individual aerobatics and there was the excellent "instructor and pupil" event, but mostly the effect was of mass. I still hold to the view that the best aerobatics seen at Hendon were elementary as aerobatics and entirely boring as spectacles; but, being done by formations, they had an effect as part of a formation programme.

As we came away from Hendon we were expressing admiration, not of the remarkable upside-down flying of so-and-so, but of the remarkable closeness of his aeroplane to the next one when he was flying upside-down. Then there was the wireless commentary relayed from the aeroplanes to the enclosures. If one attended to that, it made the show better worth seeing. The back-chat between the "instructor

## AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

and pupil" was even more polished this year than before, and I should imagine that a good contract would be offered to Flight Lieutenants G. A. Bartlett and J. W. Donaldson for the music-hall stage! They certainly "put over" their turn with tremendous competence. But it must be exceedingly trying for the one who travels as passenger in this turn when the inspired mistakes are being made. I liked particularly the way the instructor decides to show the pupil how a perfect landing should be made, and then commits the most shattering blunder of all and receives a sarcastic comment from the pupil. It was all first-class fooling, with a spice of danger to set it off to the best advantage. The wireless remarks in the box drill by the "Furies" were also effective in their entirely different way. So this year's Display was as much a triumph for the wireless as for the flying.

#### Crowds.

**A**s for the attendance, it was so big that by about 3.15 p.m. no more cars were being allowed into the aerodrome, no matter whether they had paid their 10s. and were carrying their pass or not. Later on, even pedestrians were refused admittance, and I came across one unfortunate man, who had secured reserved seats at enormous expense, excluded from the aerodrome on the grounds that there was no more room. He told me that there were many others similarly placed. It seems that something in the organisation had gone wrong. One can understand a jam-up of the motor-cars and the necessity of excluding even those who had paid for motor-car passes, but people who came on foot, holding reserved tickets, should have been admitted.

One other thing about the Display. One of the aeroplanes which took part, and which, for many war-time pilots, brought back memories, was unnamed in the programme and unmentioned on the wireless. It was an old German aeroplane, an L.V.G. with Benz engine, and it flew well and seemed to handle admirably in the mock combat. It was engaged with a Sopwith triplane, an S.E.5a and a Bristol Fighter, with a kite balloon intervening. And the way the triplane leaped off the ground was a revelation of the meaning of light wing loading. The pilots of both the triplane and the L.V.G. told me that they handled very pleasantly and that they enjoyed flying them. Finally, there was the sense of dramatic effect of the people responsible for working the set-piece, when, after the last aeroplane had gone and about half the crowd had dispersed, they suddenly loosed off an earth-shaking bang, accompanied by clouds of smoke. What happened I do not know, but I imagine that in the heat of the engagement one of the mines had been forgotten.

#### Atlantic Flight.

**I** write some time before the event, but according to the present programme the first experimental Atlantic flight by one of the Empire flying-boats

(Continued on page 46)



ALSO AT THE AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS' BANQUET: COLONEL M. F. SCANLON AND COLONEL LINDBERGH

They were also among the diners at this junketing of one of Britain's most successful new trades. Colonel Lindbergh's interest in aviation is maintained in this country, to our great advantage



AT HESTON AIRPORT: MR. RICHARD PEARSE AND SIR FRANCIS AND LADY SHELMERDINE

Mr. Pearse has his arm full of log-books, symbolic, perhaps, of the mass of paper through which civil aircraft are forced to take off. With him is Sir Francis Shelmerdine, the Director-General of Civil Aviation in Great Britain



# Haig in every Home



Don't be Vague  
ask for  
**Haig**

**NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE**

OBTAINABLE ALSO IN SMALL SIZES





Photos.: Stuart

J. P. MANN  
(ETON CAPTAIN)M. D. WATSON  
(HARROW CAPTAIN)A. P. SINGLETON  
(OXFORD CAPTAIN)MARK TINDALL  
(CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN)

Both the exciting events in which the four people in the above pictures were concerned happened last week. The last five Eton and Harrow matches have been drawn, and headmasters still think that two days are quite enough. As to the Varsity match, which happens earlier in the week than the Eton and Harrow one, Cambridge won last year by eight wickets, and the year before by 195 runs

### Driving for Speed.

IT is almost impossible nowadays to talk of fast driving without receiving shocked reproofs from the mighty. High speed has gone the way of high spirits: it is frowned upon from all directions. Like high spirits, it is regarded as unsafe, undignified, undesirable. People who indulge in it are beyond the pale. Yet I am going to say that high speed is one of the joyous objectives of motoring, and I am going to indicate how it is obtained. For fear of becoming an object of universal execration, however, I must immediately qualify that statement by saying that, by high speed, I mean *safe* high speed; I mean solely and simply what Mr. Cecil Kimber means with his ingenious slogan "safety fast." Moreover, I am talking of ordinary motoring, and not of racing or competition driving. Racing and competition driving are in a class apart; I am speaking solely of ordinary motoring; of how to motor fast with safety.

The first point to be noted is that the driving itself, although it may be the most fascinating part of the business, is not the only part, or even the greater part. To go from A to B in the shortest time, there are three chief needs: to select the quickest possible course, to waste the least possible time in preparations and odds and ends at the beginning and end of the journey, and to make the journey itself at the highest possible speed. Let us take a journey of, say thirty miles, the distance a great

## PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

many people have to make twice, out and back, every day.

### Course and Traffic.

Note, first, that I said the *quickest*, and not the *shortest*, course. Sometimes the shortest course takes the longest time. There is only one way to find out—by accurate timing. The car should be driven in as nearly as possible the same way at the same times of day over the same course on three or four occasions, and the average time noted. Then it should be driven similarly over alternative courses and the average times compared. Often these average times will provide a surprise, for the course which seems slow may prove to be fast and the other way about. One cannot trust one's general impressions. One *must* go by the clock, or, preferably, by the stop-watch. After finding out the quickest course, there is the elimination of pauses at the beginning and end of the journey.

The car owner will have to check the oil and water levels of his car, start up and drive away. These processes can cause big time-losses if they are not done methodically. Unfortunately, the vast majority of motor-car makers insist upon the primitive method of oil-level checking by raising the bonnet, groping down among the "works," withdrawing a filthy dip-stick, wiping it, reinserting it, withdrawing it again and noting the level. In conducting this operation, the piece of rag on which to wipe the stick is



AT THE BOWATER—PERKINS WEDDING

Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen was snapshotted quite obviously at a moment when he had said something amusing to Mrs. Eric Vansittart Bowater, the former Miss Margaret Perkins, after her recent wedding to the chairman of Bowater's Paper Company at St. Ethelburga's Church. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen is, of course, the famous racing owner who won the Derby of 1928 with Felstead

(Continued on page xii)



the crucial moment—  
and  
your fly succumbs  
to the  
irresistible attractions  
of  
a tree! . . .



ever noticed  
how  
a cigarette  
helps  
you  
to survive  
that  
maddening moment . . .



whilst  
you tie on  
another fly  
for that fish  
which is,  
very obligingly,  
still rising?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.



## Air Eddies—continued from p. 42

will have been made by the time these notes appear. The machine selected is the Caledonia, and the track will be 3,207 kilometres from Rynanna to Botwood in Newfoundland, 1,525 kilometres from Botwood to Montreal, and 554 kilometres from Montreal to New York. The Caledonia has a maximum speed of 321 kilometres an hour, and it cruises at 264 kilometres an hour. Her time between the Irish Free State and Newfoundland should be in the neighbourhood of 16 hours, but by now we shall know what it actually was.

The United States, which has managed, by adroit diplomacy, to gain a firm footing in this British Empire air service, will presumably operate every time Imperial Airways operates. Thus, America will have an equal hold on the traffic. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic a very long time after Alcock and Brown, but America has succeeded in so linking his name with it that it is, for many of the uninstructed, the first name that springs to mind when Atlantic aviation is considered. And now America is actually going to butt in on the British Empire service between England and Canada. It is a notable tribute to the success of American methods in conference and, possibly, also to the way in which British negotiators are always ready to give way to the demands of Americans, but show themselves unyielding, not to say obstinate, towards the requests of our nearer but non-English speaking neighbours. For myself I think that our air line to Canada ought to have been kept as entirely British as our other Empire lines, and I can see no valid reason for admitting the Americans to it.

## Air Service Training.

I hear that on Empire Air Day 2,200 people attended at the Air Service Training station at Hamble and looked over the school and had the methods of instruction explained to them.

Another recent event at Hamble was the visit from eighty members of the Hants Automobile Club (Northern Division). Mr. A. R. O. McMillan has accepted an appointment with British Airways, and Flight-Lieutenant Beaumont has been appointed Chief Flying Instructor. How that name recalls the great pioneer, pre-war days of aviation!

British Airways, by the way, now run about the most frequent, speedy and comprehensive system of air services between England and the Continent that we have ever had.

\* \* \*

## Concerning Golf—cont. from p. 14

To change the subject, I have pleasure in reporting that Gerard Fairlie, novelist, scenario writer and erstwhile colleague on *The Bystander*, and André Vagliano, once a finalist in the President's Putter, are forming an Anglo-French Golfing Society, which they hope in its humble way will help to increase the good feeling between the two countries. For some years Fairlie has taken an unofficial team, generally known as "l'Équipe Anglaise," to play Vagliano's French side at Deauville. I attended one of these parties myself some years ago, and was only prevented last year by the weather being impossible for flying. The membership of the new society will be drawn from those who play in these annual matches, and we are subscribing for a trophy for which our opponents will play, among themselves, during the year—a gesture that we have every reason to believe will be reciprocated. Among this year's team will be John Beck, John Morrison, A. V. Bridgland, G. D. Roberts, K.C., George Hewetson, Archie Aitken, R. G. C. Middleton, Frank Gentle and myself.

\* \* \*

Since the above article was written the Ryder Cup has been lost to the U.S.A. by 8—4 (the four-somes being 2½—1½ and the singles 5½—2½).



SIXTY YEARS A 'VARSITY TIMEKEEPER

Mr. H. M. Turner, the well-known sporting journalist of Oxford, enters his eightieth year, and is simultaneously celebrating his Diamond Jubilee as Timekeeper of Oxford University Athletics



## ● CREAM OF ROSES.

A delightful powder foundation in six tints: Bronze, Blonde Tan, Peach Bloom, Blush, Brunella and Pearl. Cream of Roses protects your skin from sun and wind and gives a perfect matt finish to your day or evening make-up. Jars or Tubes, 2/6. You will find one of these tints to tone with your particular colouring and a shade of Innova Powder to complete your colour ensemble.



## ● TISSUE CREAM.

The deficiency of natural oils causes your skin to become wrinkled, dry and coarse. Innova Tissue Cream, specially recommended for dry and sensitive skins, replenishes the supply of these natural oils, and thus brings the youth back to your skin, leaving it smooth, firm and supple. Jars 4/6.

## 3 New Creams



## ● CLEANSING CREAM.

You will love the deliciously clean fresh feeling after you have used this light feathery cream. Because it liquifies instantly as you smooth it over your face it possesses all the advantages of Innova Complexion Milk, penetrating the depth of the pores, thus dissolving and removing dirt, dust and make-up. Jars 3/6, Tubes 2/6.



**INNOXA**

INNOXA (ENGLAND) LTD.,  
38, OLD BOND ST., W.1

The Innova Beauty Guide No. 9 will be sent to you post free on request, and the Innova Beauty Consultant will be pleased to give advice on your particular complexion problem and, if desired, your correct Colour Harmony in make-up.



# This England . . .



*Dittisham-on-the-Dart, S. Devon*

TO lie upon that thin grass that grows only beneath trees ; to hear but the fat chuckle of water and the "over-wind" like distant breakers ; to see no movement but the cloud galleons across a blue gap ; this is peace—in England. No enervating peace, mark you. Even the placid Dart has borne some queer fish, from the first Saxon invader to the merchants from hereabouts who carried on the Bordeaux trade (and not a little piracy beside) when Agincourt was news. This England does not breed them soft, as food and drink reveal. Who but a virile race would find, mature, and maintain so grand a beer as Worthington, that true old English ale.







MISS ENID WILSON  
AND MRS. I. MILLS



MISS SCHRIEBER, LADY BRECKNOCK  
AND MRS. R. MIDDLETON



THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON  
AND JOHN NORTON

The occasion of these photographs was the second golf tournament organised by Lady Brecknock at Moor Park in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund. Miss Enid Wilson was English Lady Champion in the years 1931, 1932 and 1933 and is a very formidable golfer, as may be imagined. Lady Brecknock, the moving spirit of this admirable idea, is the wife of Lord Camden's eldest son. The Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton is seen with her son; she is the eldest daughter of Sir David Kinloch and married Lord Grantley's only son in 1919



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



The Packard "Six" brings to the lower-priced field the dignity of style and responsiveness of performance that have made the name of Packard synonymous with motoring at its very finest. And the heritage of precision-engineering has ensured in this fine car a far greater running-economy than you expect from a "Six" so luxuriously spacious.

*Packard "Six" Saloon ... £435*

LEONARD WILLIAMS & CO. LTD.

*(Sole Concessionaires for Packard Cars)*

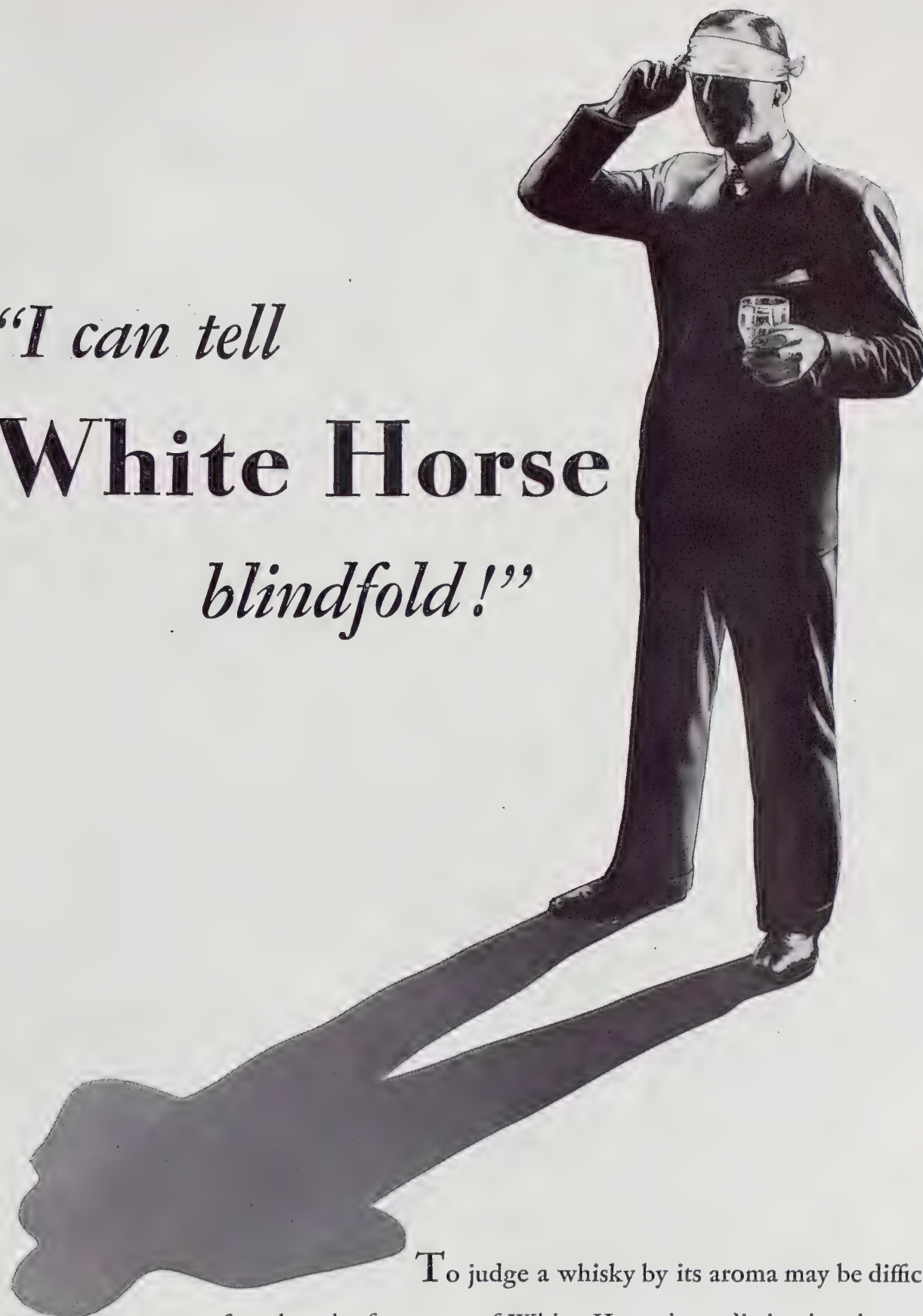
LONDON SHOWROOMS: 12, BERKELEY STREET, W.1.  
Scottish Depot: Corstorphine Road, Murrayfield, Edinburgh  
Works: Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex



P A C K A R D



*"I can tell*  
**White Horse**  
*blindfold!"*



To judge a whisky by its aroma may be difficult at first, but the fragrance of White Horse is so distinctive that once you have known its delicate richness, you recognise it easily and gladly claim acquaintance.

*A magnificent foundation for long, cool, summer drinks*



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE



IT is in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, that women may study the advance guard of the autumn fashions, and, incidentally, those that have been created for the fashionable Continental and other resorts during the ensuing weeks. Furthermore, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that until September 11 exceptionally reduced prices prevail. In the Model Gown Department simple morning frocks of a wool-like texture are eight and a half guineas, while rather more decorative affairs are ten and a half guineas. They are expressed in unusual fabrics. Graceful lines and simplicity are the characteristic features of the frock above, which is of heavy black crêpe enriched with white leaf embroidery. The white angel-skin scarf, which crosses over at the waist and ties behind, may be arranged in a variety of ways; it has a decidedly flattering effect

Picture by Blake





BY APPOINTMENT

# Finer Jewellery for Men

- 1. Platinum Dress Chain. £9.0.0
- 2. Mother o' Pearl, Pearl and Black Enamel Links £4.15.0  
2 Studs £2.5.0  
Buttons £4.15.0
- 3. Pearl Studs (set of two) £11.0.0
- 4. 18ct. Gold Links £5.0.0
- 5. 18ct. Gold Signet Ring £4.7.6
- 6. 18ct. Gold and Platinum Signet Ring £6.15.0
- 7. 18ct. Gold and Platinum Signet Ring £6.10.0
- 8. 18ct. White Gold and Black Onyx Links £9.0.0  
Studs (set of two) £4.0.0  
Buttons £9.0.0
- 9. Black Onyx and Diamond Links £16.10.0  
Studs (set of two) £5.10.0  
Buttons £16.10.0
- 10. Platinum and 18ct. Gold Dress Chain £6.17.6

Men are difficult about such things as cuff-links and dress-studs. They observe certain rules when they choose for themselves ; and they hope from the bottom of their hearts that the rules will be observed by anyone who chooses for them ! Men's jewellery must be correct within narrow limits ; yet it must avoid the commonplace just as carefully as it avoids the ostentatious. Within these strict bounds of correctness, then, The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company have assembled a tremendously varied collection of jewellery for men. The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company sell no jewellery that is not made of fine materials, designed and carried out by expert craftsmen. These standards being accepted, the choice rests with you. If you cannot call, remember that every day The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company are sending their illustrated catalogues to every part of England—and beyond.

*The*  
**GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS  
COMPANY LTD.**  
**112 REGENT STREET • LONDON • W.1**  
*At the corner of Glasshouse Street  
No other address*





PERFECTLY in tune with the holidays are the models portrayed on this page; the originals may be seen at Walpole's, New Bond Street. The suit on the left consists of a dress and short sac coatee expressed in midnight blue and white blocked crêpe. The frock has short sleeves and a slightly pouched front; of it one may become the possessor for seventy-nine shillings and sixpence. The dress on the right is of block printed rep crêpe with a gay pattern, in which attractive shades of grey, green and cornflower are skilfully mingled; it costs fifty-nine shillings and sixpence

NOW, a very important point to be remembered about the fashions in the Walpole salons is that should the size needed not be in stock it can be obtained in four or five days. A feature is here made of Macclesfield silk dresses at pleasantly moderate prices. This firm is to be warmly congratulated on a dress they have designed and carried out in this material for the younger woman of generous proportions; it would look equally well on an older wearer. Furthermore, with a few minor alterations it becomes an ideal maternity gown; the price is eighty-nine shillings and sixpence. The cross-over vest is flanked on either side with softly falling stitched revers; it is endowed with the much to be desired tailored aspect

Pictures by Blake

# HOLIDAY SPECIALS

THEY MUST NOT BE MISSED





# "What can one do for 'week-end' face, Jane Seymour?"

"I find these week-ends in the country make my skin so red and coarse-looking," said my friend, as we were chatting in the garden. "I go back to town looking a perfect hag."

"Well," I said, "if you don't protect your skin, or give it any regular care, what can you expect?"

"But how do you know I don't?" she said.

"When I see a young thing who sunburns in 'blotches,'" I said, "and whose whole skin looks as dry as a desert, it's not difficult to tell that she doesn't put much on her face except make-up."

"How awful!" she said. "But what should I do, then?"

"Wash away the grime every night with Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic," I said. "Use lots of Orange Skin Food. Wake up your circulation in the morning with more Juniper. For week-ends use Protective Cream as a powder base. It just won't let the sun over-burn, or the wind roughen your skin. Honestly, it's simply marvellous!"

Some weeks after, my friend called at my Salon. It was a Monday, and her skin was as smooth and lovely as a sun-warmed peach. "No more 'week-end' face for me, thank you!" she said, smiling. "Your advice worked like a charm!"

Do get my book 'Speaking Frankly' either direct from me, or from any smart shop that sells my preparations. My new address is: Jane Seymour Ltd. 21 & 22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 3712.



## Jane Seymour

BEAUTY PRÉPARATIONS



Trade Mark



# MISCELLANEA

## Frocks and Linens.

Every woman will be delighted to learn that Coulson's, of 105, New Bond Street, are having a sale. The prices of all household linens, including fancy table sets and practical towels, have been submitted to really drastic reductions, details of which will be found in the sale catalogue, sent gratis and post free. Uncrushable bedspreads of peach, gold and pink, in discontinued patterns, are half-price. Fine Irish linen handkerchiefs are now 2s. 11d. a dozen instead of 5s. 9d., and there are others for 1s. 6d. a dozen instead of 2s. 9d. Furthermore, there is an infinite variety of chiffon and linen ones, whose prices may well be described as exceptional. The white washing crêpe de Chine dress piped with colour portrayed is now five guineas. It is no exaggeration to state that it is a bargain, as it is really well tailored. There are other frocks for four guineas.

## Light as Lace.

Slender women consider that their figure and their needs do not receive sufficient attention. Therefore they are sure to applaud the summer gossamer Charnaux which has been specially created for them. It only weighs four ounces and costs a guinea and a half. Now among its manifold advantages is that it is as light as lace. It can be worn under shorts and even with swim suits, as a visit to the water (sea or otherwise) has no deleterious effect on it. Of course, it must be worn in conjunction with a Casalis Sling, as this lifts the bust line.

## Home and Beauty.

Summer suns tend to make carpets fade, and a new one brings fresh life and character to the room. A fine collection of all kinds of carpets and rugs is offered at remarkable price reductions by Warings, Oxford Street, during their sale, which is now in progress. Furnishing fabrics are also shown at special prices. In the Model Gown Salon there are bargains for the débutante as well as the older woman. A moiré evening frock with a gauged bodice is reduced to £5, and there are also many day dresses.

## Holding On to Beauty.

To be "beauty conscious" today is not a question of vanity but rather of common sense, and there is no excuse for the woman who, so to speak, throws up the sponge after forty and settles down to middle age. With just a little care she can preserve both her contours and her complexion, particularly if she follows the expert advice given at the Celestial Beauty Salon, 20, Grosvenor Street. These specialists are very insistent on the importance of maintaining a good circulation, and recommend a course of treatments at least twice a year. While thorough cleansing is essential, massage of the face, neck and spinal cord is very beneficial, particularly combined with the use of a scientific invigorator called "Compression Pulsator" which stimulates the blood stream and strengthens the muscles. For tired, dry skins they have a special Rose Oil and Wax Mask which nourishes the tissues and removes all roughness, while double chins and a heavy jaw line can be discouraged by strenuous massage followed by a specially prepared seaweed pack.

## The Art of Dressing Well.

Many women are born with a natural flair for clothes, others acquire it, too often through a series of painful mistakes due to their not having realised the importance of cut and line. Miss Maudry, 8, Old Cavendish Street, is a genius at designing frocks and ensembles which flatter the figure. She can tell at a glance what will suit her client, and is most insistent that every line should fit perfectly. Her charges are very moderate, and in designing her summer collection she has concentrated on colour, fabric and simplicity of line. One of her greatest successes is a tailored navy blue frock embroidered all over with a white soutache design. It has a slender skirt and short sleeves. For a smart ensemble trimmed with dog tooth piping she uses gold "Tifles," a matt, closely woven crêpe. The dress is very plain with a

few gathers at the waist and a straight skirt, while the hip-length coat is loose-fitting. An enchanting picture frock for garden parties and summer dances is in rose pink lace with a full, sweeping skirt, puff sleeves and wide revers of dull crêpe. It is closely fitted at the waist, while a bunch of roses is tucked into the corsage.

## A Week's Hunting.

There is all the excitement of a treasure hunt in a visit to Harrods, Knightsbridge, whose summer sale begins on July 12. Since it only lasts a week, however, it is essential to send for their catalogue and study it carefully. Bargains may be found in every department and many model frocks are reduced to less than half-price. One particularly charming dress for summer dances from the Younger Set Salons is in flowered crêpe de Chine and costs 79s. 6d. It has a flowing skirt and short bolero; another frock in spotted organdie costs 50s.

## Silks for the Summer.

Lovely colours and original designs always distinguish fabrics from Liberty's, Regent Street. During their sale—from July 12 to 24—all materials are very much reduced; there are dress lengths from 3s. 11d. (for four yards). Children look especially charming in Liberty silks, and five yards of the famous "Golden Bird" cost only 19s. 6d. Many Japanese kimonos, embroidered and stencilled by hand, are offered at half their original prices, while rich brocaded silk Chinese lounging suits are 31s. 6d.

## Tweeds for the Twelfth.

There is a delightful atmosphere about the new autumn tweeds in rich moorland colourings, and as the Glorious Twelfth draws near it becomes more and more important to invest in a really smart suit made by Phillips; the well-known specialists in sportswear. They are sold by all houses of prestige, but should there be any difficulty in obtaining them application should

be made to 12, Princes Street, Hanover Square. Among the new models is a severely tailored suit in multi-coloured tweed with a short, belted coat, cut with rounded revers and no collar. It is shaped at the waist with darts, and is trimmed on the pockets with strips of the reversed tweed. Checks shading from nigger to soft beige distinguish another suit with a close-fitting jacket which buttons all the way down the front. Suède is very smart for golf and extraordinarily warm, as the wind cannot get through it. Phillips use it for suits and cardigans to wear with their worsted flannel plus fours, which are man-tailored and fit neatly over the hips. This firm are also noted for their well-cut skirts,



*Much to be desired is the frock above; it is included in William Coulson and Son's summer sale at 105, New Bond Street. Carried out in white washing crêpe de Chine piped with colours, it has a slimming effect and is thus decidedly flattering*



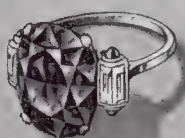


BY APPOINTMENT

Hunt & Roskell take pleasure in inviting inspection of their new collection of exclusive jewellery, set in Sapphires and Diamonds, now on exhibition at their showrooms.



Sapphire and Diamond  
Double-Clip £180



Sapphire Ring  
£565



Sapphire and Diamond  
Ring £170



Sapphire and Diamond  
Double-Clip £170



Sapphire and Diamond  
Bracelet £252

Sapphire and  
Diamond Bracelet  
£520



Sapphire and Diamond  
Bracelet £280

# HUNT & ROSKELL

LTD.

*In alliance with J. W. Benson, Ltd.*

25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.



## Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 36

on a grass court. A pretty fine record for a player who, in tennis terms, is fast approaching the veteran stage, but is actually playing better to-day than at any time in his career. And it makes me savage that certain sections of the Press, as well as certain sections of the public, consistently tend to belittle the perfection of his technique. "They know not what they do" . . . may serve as an excuse for those who treat Wimbledon in the same spirit as they would treat a Bank Holiday visit to Southend, but it is no excuse for the so-called gentlemen of the Press who crab themselves silly as they chew their pencils and mutter "soft, soft," every time the Englishman fails to put away an overhead smash the first time. Even to the extent of one unknown member among them, whose appearance was far from an advertisement for his calling, having the impertinence to rebuke me for daring to show my appreciation in the customary manner when Austin went out a winner in straight sets.

Heaven knows, it's been an unexciting enough Wimbledon so far—no doubt the last four days will make up in glamour and drama what the others have rather lacked—that one seizes with alacrity the few opportunities for enthusiasm that have occurred to date. And you can count them on one hand. There was the fine show that Bob Tinkler, and again, Charlie Hare, put up against Henkel; there was the severe trouncing that Dorothy Round gave the Countess de la Valdene, who was only able to capture a single game, and had the depressing experience of seeing her opponent outshine her in every department; there was the splendid victory of Menzel and Hecht over a new American combination, Grant and Sabin; there was the epic struggle—epic because during the last few games the pace resembled more a men's singles than a meeting between two women—that took place in the first round between Mary Hardwick and Alice Marble; there was also the exhilarating sight of seeing a completely strange newcomer to the centre court, the squash champion, Miss Margot Lumb, hit Senorita Lizana off the court for a set and a half; and finally, there has been the Wimbledon debut of Frankie Parker.

This newcomer from America so far has been chiefly in the news for the brevity of his shorts. Whenever he appears on court it is the signal for all the ladies who possess field glasses which they have brought with them to train upon the Royal box—what a wonderful reception Queen Mary received, and how magnificent she looked dressed from the tip of the osprey in her toque downwards entirely in white—to adjust the sights so that they can get the closest and sharpest

view of Mr. Parker's legs and thighs. They are very brown and very capable. Let us leave it at that, and concentrate instead on the cleverness of his play, which has been rather overshadowed by the brevity of his sporting attire. In actual fact, I cannot see myself what all the fuss is about, considering that in every American film depicting collegiate life, or containing scenes on the running track, this young American's costume is copied in every detail. And if you know that you are likely to be running about on court for a considerable time, and have a good figure into the bargain, I cannot see myself why you should be expected to appear instead in shorts that might cause a repetition of the remark I overheard a spectator make, who was watching a long-drawn-out struggle between two home players, who clearly cared nothing for sartorial elegance on court. "Look," she exclaimed, "he has had his 'longs' cut down!"

But though Frankie Parker may still look at first sight as though he was still in the schoolboy stage, when parents chop off white flannels at their knees when they had their day in order to achieve a second life for them as garden rompers, yet I can say with sincere conviction, after watching his every match at Wimbledon, that he has the cleverest brain of any visiting player from the States since Tilden. Like Austin, he, too, lacks withering speed, but to watch him volley is almost to be able to hear the clicking of his wrist as he snaps away the ball into the one square foot of space where his opponent cannot reach it. He has shown, too, for the first time, how the chop can become a method of attack as well as defence. A weapon that he uses with discretion, balancing it with a flat forehand, again in the same way as Tilden used to do. Of course, physically, they are poles apart, but where court-craft comes in, if you concentrate simply on the ultimate meaning of each stroke rather than on the actual strike, it is uncanny how beautifully, how effortlessly the younger man is following in the master's footsteps.

Parker, again like Austin and his countryman, Grant, is a very deceitful player. He is much, much better than he appears at first sight. The proof of this is that he was able to win the fifth set against Henkel, who is notoriously better the longer the match progresses. Moreover, Parker had the terrifying experience of seeing victory snatched from him when it seemed almost certain in the third set, that he was leading by two sets to love, and four-two and forty-fifteen, so that it all seemed over bar the shouting, when with one of those changes of the tide of fortune that are such an unaccountable factor in the game, Henkel took four games in a run for the set, and went on to win the fourth. My heart sank. He has lost his chance, I felt.

(Continued on p. 37)

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## YARDLEY LAVENDER





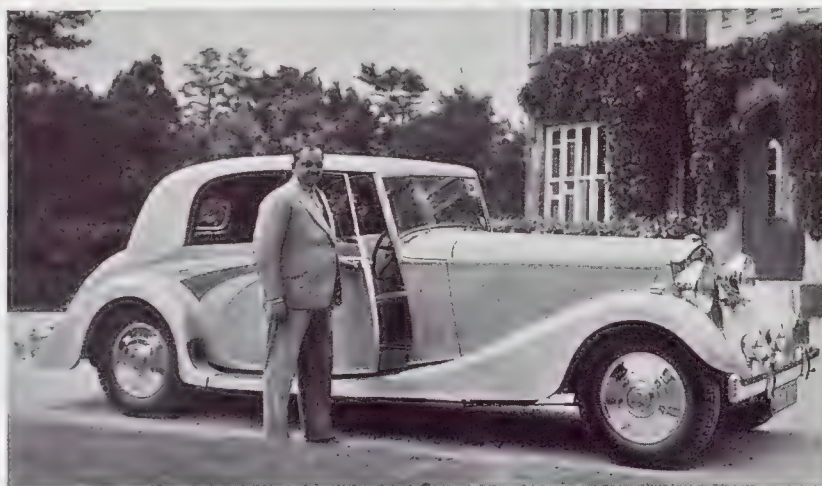
**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 44

the usual cause of time loss, for it is not handy or cannot be found. So a piece should be hung in the garage on the right side of the car. Then there is the warming up. In my opinion, and I am backed up by the findings of the Institution of Automobile Engineers, the best way to warm up is to get the car out on the road and start moving at once. The plan of leaving it with the engine running for some time is out of date.

And now that we are on the road I must leave this subject to another occasion, for I am anxious to say something of my impressions of the Hillman 7-seater limousine which I had the opportunity of trying last week.

**The Hillman Limousine.**

First impressions, which in motor cars as in men are frequently right, were favourable. The driving seat—there is a winding partition in this car—is not jammed up against the windscreen, and I found the position comfortable and the outlook good. The gear lever, which works a four-speed gearbox with synchromesh engagement on third and top, falls conveniently to the left hand and the gears themselves, as all good ones should do nowadays, engage, disengage and run, silently and easily, without ever attracting the attention of the occupants of the car. Better than the best small child, they are neither seen nor heard. The clutch is of the ventilated, dry-plate type, and the brakes are duo-servo, directly operated, with the cables housed in flexible armoured and lubricated outer casing. The wheelbase of



H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF NAWANAGAR AND HIS NEW LANCHESTER

The Maharajah, the nephew and adopted son of the famous cricketer, Ranjitsinghi, is an honorary A.D.C. to the King and ruler of an important native State. He is seen with the smart blue and silver Lanchester Straight Eight at Sondes Place, Dorking

the "80" is some 1½ ft. longer than that of the "Hawk," and coachwork makes good use of the extra room for the rear compartment.

I need hardly remind you that the suspension includes the famous Evenkeel independent front wheel mounting with the transverse spring. Consequently one has the advantage of absence of shock to the steering wheel, and of that balance between fore and aft springs which gives smooth riding both in front and rear compartments. Another thing about the handling qualities of the car. I was forced in circumstances to limit my trial to traffic work, and I found that, in spite of an overall length of 15 ft. 9 in., the car could be slipped in with ease and could be got into and out of parking places and through traffic jams and round road-up places without wasting time. This is an important point in a limousine which will be frequently for going to restaurants and theatres. It must give ample space in the rear compartment but it must also retain adequate powers of manoeuvre. If it is in manoeuvre, there will be no arrivals and the general fuss and bother of missed cocktails and curtains. Finally, let me say that the engine, capacity 3,181 c.c. and the rating 20.9 h.p.

**Le Mans.**

A special word of congratulation must be offered to the Aston Martin people for their really magnificent performance at Le Mans. Full details reached me just before writing this article, and they show this achievement of fifth place in the general classifications, first place in the 1,500 c.c. class, and the winning of the Biennial Cup was something on the heroic scale. J. M. Skaife is, I believe, a private entrepreneur and he and R. C. Mutton obtained fifth place.

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## Polo Notes—continued from p. 34

had had a nasty smack on his stick hand, which luckily did not break a bone as it was at first feared that it had; Mr. Sanford was only too obviously uncomfortable and unbalanced, and Mr. Rous seemed to be feeling the strain of such a very hot engagement. And, believe me, or believe me not, it was hot, the tap turned on quite full all the time, no quarter given or asked. Goulburn were still a team; quite unruffled and much the fresher. There was only one sticky chukker, and that was the fifth, when both sides played the stuff they used to call "Station" polo in India. It was stationary enough in all conscience, and all of them spent quite a time standing over the ball.

The sixth chukker was a bit too full of incident. Mr. Jim Ashton's pony came down and knocked the wind out of him by a kick, which we thought at first might have smashed a rib or two, and then, whilst all hands were dismounted, Mr. Balding's pony suddenly keeled over and lay as dead. Everyone believed the steed had succumbed to a heart attack; but again it was only the rough and tumble of war that had temporarily overcome him, and he got up very shortly and was led back to the stables with his ears well cocked.

It only remains to congratulate our very gallant and sporting visitors upon a victory that was immensely popular and thoroughly well won. I observe that it has been said that Goulburn were "lucky to catch the Jaguars below their best form." There was no luck about it at all. The losers played just as well as a good team



AT THE REGIMENTAL CRICKET WEEK AT COWLEY BARRACKS

In the group are Captain E. H. Whitfield, O.C. Depôt of the Oxfordshire and Bucks L.I. at Cowley, and Mrs. Whitfield, and Major-General Sir Alfred and Lady Knox, he being the sitting member for Bucks, Wycombe Division, and a kinsman of Lord Ranfurly

would let them play, and that was very well, considering how short a time those four men had been together; but, after all, they were only Four Men v. A Team. That is the answer to this riddle.

It is extremely difficult to say anything at all about the Inter-Regimental, for these notes have to leave me before the last of the semi-finals and the final have been played. It is, however, possible to offer sympathy to the 10th Hussars on the loss of Major Gairdner's services. He dislocated a collar-bone, as most people know, in the 10th's trial gallop at Hurlingham on June 24. Curiously enough, just before the final of the Indian Inter-Regimental of 1936, which the 10th won, beating the 19th K.G.O. Lancers 7 to 3, Major Gairdner got a bad bumper in the semi-final v. the 8th K.G.O. Light Cavalry, and they had to put in Mr. J. W. Malet in the last chukker. Luckily, Major Gairdner was just fit enough to play in the final, in which the 10th did not have a very rough passage. A dislocated collar-bone, trifling though it is, puts any game, bar ludo, out of court. Even so, the pundits tipped the 10th to beat the Royals, which they have just done as I lay down my pen, and in the other match the Bays were hot favourites to beat the 15th/19th Hussars, but I hear just as I go home that they have not. It is not every regiment that has the firm of Maskelyne and Cook to help it, but great as was the improvement it was not quite good enough for the 15th/19th. The Bays won this tournament last in 1931 after having hammered at the door pretty hard in 1930, when the 17th/21st Lancers won it for the last of their series in England. The 10th ought to win it.



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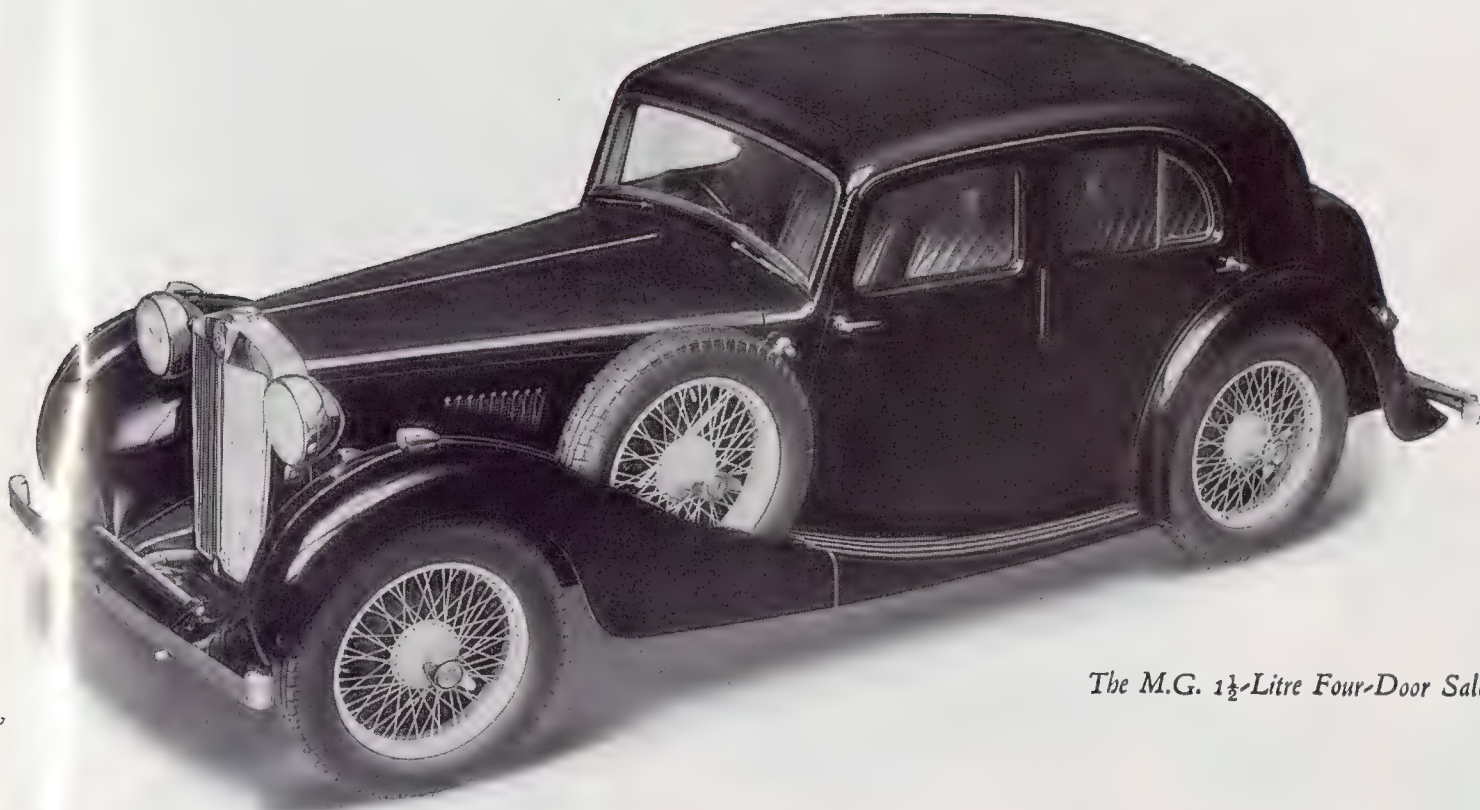
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## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 31

to Hurlingham and all the other clubs, to assure the public that they have no intention at all of reverting to the ancient stone pillars which marked the goals in the time of Omar Khayyam and even down to the times of Akbar the Great. Hurlingham believes that the present-day wicker-work goal-post, supported by a thin inside wand that fits into a socket in the ground, to be far safer than the old stone ones. The players also think so. As to whistles, I am certain that no amount of criticism from the Lady Tuba will induce our excellent umpires to swap them for mouth-organs.

As Eton and Harrow will be in the throws of their annual bat and ball fight about the time this is published, and as many old ghosts will, as usual, be at the contest and wishing that they could bash a hat or two, it may be interesting to remind some of the people who are not yet ghosts, and who may not be iconoclasts, of one who I am certain never misses Lord's. The chap I mean is Corney Grain, who was neither an Etonian nor an Harrovian, but who was the author of one of the funniest sketches on the match that I have ever heard, and one which, if only they had had electrical recording in those days, would go just as well to-day as it did then. The main characters at an Eton and Harrow match hardly vary and Corney Grain knew them all. That mother, for instance, who has mislaid her offspring and asks the benign Bobby to find "my two little girls, dressed in light blue and sittin' on top of a coach eatin' chicken and ham"; that Lower Boy, with the divinely fair girl, who says, "Oh, Brown Major, do you *mind* being introduced to my sister?" The old sport in the sixpenny seats who reviles the dropper of every catch with "Ha—butter-fingers! We got lads at Puddlecombe show ee eow to play cricket! You be no darned good neowdays!" Corney Grain also presented that female relation who clapped at the wrong moment—say, when Harrow were fair pasting the Eton bowling—the woman being an Etonian by connection. Probably in these hard-boiled times they all know too much about it to make mistakes like that, but Corney Grain's lady was very entertaining and, I am sure, very nice.

He also gave us a glimpse of the ruffianly male parent of those uncouth Victorian days, who did not consider that he had really had his money's worth unless he ended up with a bashed topper, only one tail to his coat, and, perhaps, even only one leg to his trousers. They are not so rude as all this nowadays, but it all added to the general beans and benevolence of the occasion and nobody seemed to be much the worse. Incidentally, I once heard of a Harrovian father

who had to go home in a newspaper kilt, the wicked savages having taken his trousers away. They said that this happened to a duke, but it would not make it any better if he had been a mere marquess. I hope it was a nice warm sunny day. However, other times, other manners, and in this sedate era I suppose we hardly dare hope for any real relaxation like this? Just one more word: Corney Grain was not a stage name, but his real one; he was at the Bar and I had the great honour of his acquaintance. Originally, I think, he devilled for one Cutler, Q.C., who was in the Patrick Hastings class of those days, and then he discovered that lighter entertainment than the Law was a nearer relation to the Profits and he joined the German Reeds, who were quite English Reeds. Corney Grain's shade is certain to be at Lord's this week

This year's Imber Court Horse Show and Tournament, of which the Commissioner of Police, Sir Philip Game, is the President, is going to be as good as ever it was, which is saying a very great deal. There are all the usual events, including that wonderful display the Mounted Police always give us, riding over fences barebacked and with no bridles, jumping contests, and the handy-horse competition, which this year embodies all the training the police horses had to go through for the Coronation. Having seen and ridden these horses put through it for just their ordinary work, I am entitled to think that the Coronation training was really nothing out of the ordinary routine, for what they make them face in the usual course of their education—back-firing motor cars, flag-wagging, fireworks, shouting crowds, and so forth—would not leave them with very much to learn. The amazing thing about these horses is that the majority of them are young ones and that they learn not to be frightened of anything so quickly. The main ingredients in the recipe are patience and lump sugar. It is also conveyed to a horse at once the moment he has done the right thing. If you do not do this he may go on believing that he has done the wrong one—which is, of course, as bad for horses as it is for humans. The pat on the neck at the right moment means so much; but there are not many people who have the wit to understand this, and think that nagging and niggling at them is the only way in which to do the trick. It is the very way not to. In addition to all this, the Coaching Club are coming to the show on one of the days, and I hear there are nine coaches altogether, including Mr. Bertram Mills', the Gunners' and the Sappers' and a lot more. As already said, it is bound to be a first-class show and something which is quite out of the ordinary. I wish my friends the police the best of luck with the weather, for so good an entertainment deserves it.



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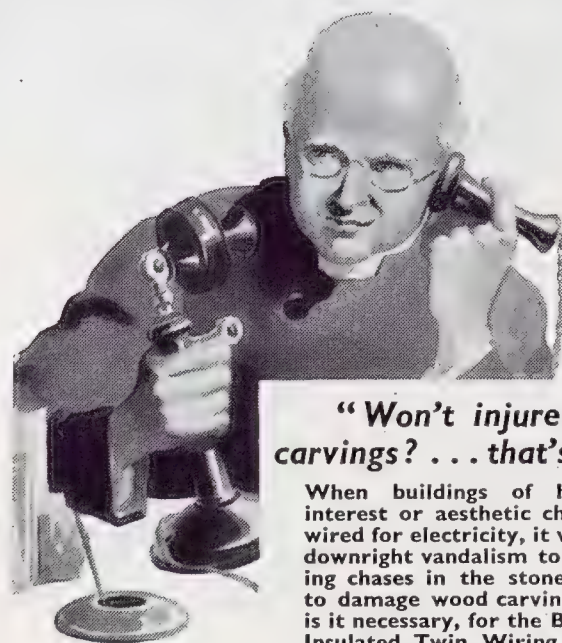
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MISS CORISANDE WALKER

The younger daughter of the late Captain Oswald Walker, 15th Hussars, and of Mme. de Juge Montespieu, of Seran, Lavaur, France, who is engaged to Mr. Gerard Walter Anthony Denny, the eldest son of Major Wriothelsey Denny, D.S.O., late 19th Hussars, and Mrs. Denny, of Garboldisham Manor, Norfolk

fixed their marriage for September 25.

#### Marrying Shortly.

Mr. Nigel Burgess and Miss Constance Currie are being married at Chelsea Old Church, Cheyne Walk, on July 17; on July 21, Mr. Brian Robb, of 23, Collingham Road, S.W. and Miss Barbara Anne, the only daughter of Major George Anne, of 22, Draycott Avenue, S.W., and granddaughter of Major Ernest L. S. Anne, J.P., of Burghwallis Hall, Doncaster, are being married in the Oratory of St. Helen, Burghwallis Hall, Doncaster; Lieut.-Commander J. J. Casement, Royal Navy, marries Miss Margaret Willis Price at Holy Trinity Church, Sliema, Malta, on July 22; and on July 31 there is the marriage at Callan between Mr. Arthur Ross de

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

#### In September.

The marriage will take place early in September between Mr. A. E. Titley, M.C., M.A., of Littlefield, Marlborough College, and Miss Betty Giles, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Giles, of Rumsey, Early, Reading; Mr. George J. W. Haswell, of A.R.I.B.A., the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Haswell, of Alexandra Park, and Miss Diana K. Wyllie, of 153, Holbein House, S.W., the eldest daughter of the late Captain Ronald Wyllie, R.G.A., and of Mrs. A. E. Baker, have



Pearl Freeman  
THE HON. URSULA VIVIAN

The eldest daughter of the late Lord Swansea and of Lady Swansea, whose marriage takes place on July 13 to Captain the Hon. Charles Bernard, the twin brother of Lord Bandon

Havilland Mallock, the only son of Brigadier A. R. O. Mallock, Commander, 12th (Secunderabad) Infantry Brigade, and Mrs. Mallock, and Miss Olivia Susan Poë, the younger daughter of Major A. P. Poë and Mrs. Poë, of Harley Park, Callon, Co. Kilenny.

#### Recently Engaged.

Mr. Ronald Richards, Royal Artillery, the only son of the late Mr. Harold Richards and of Mrs. Stubbs, and Miss Kathleen Matilda Spencer-Nairn, the eldest daughter of Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn, Bt., and Lady Spencer-Nairn, of Leslie House, Fife, and Struy Lodge, Inverness-shire; Captain Harold Arthur Rhodes Tilney, 14th/20th King's Hussars, the only son of Major and Mrs. H. J. Tilney, of Bussock Mayne, Newbury, and Miss Mary Jocelyn Macnab, the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. G. R. Macnab, of Burton Tower, Rossett, N. Wales; Flying Officer Norman Francis Simpson, R.A.F. Cranwell, and Miss Janette Fowles, the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fowles, of Epping, Essex; Mr. William Conon Grant Peterkin, Writer to the Signet, Cupar, the younger son of the late Dr. and Mrs. George Grant Peterkin, of Romeyard House, Forfar, and Miss Rachel Mary Watson, the third daughter of the Hon. Adam George Watson, Writer to the Signet, of 12, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh.



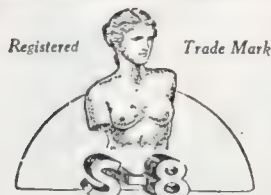
Bertram Park  
MISS ELSPETH CRAIK-HENDERSON

Who is to marry Mr. Douglas Riley-Smith, of Toulston Lodge, Tadcaster, Yorks, the son of Mr. William Riley-Smith, is the daughter of Professor John James Craik-Henderson, of Royston, Downhill, Glasgow

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## LADIES' KENNEL

I don't think the medical profession makes nearly as much use of dogs as they should. I recently read an article by a doctor on "Nerves." He said if you suffer from nerves play golf. I can't think of anything, in my case, more likely to produce nerves than playing golf. If he had said "get a couple of dogs which *must* be taken out," I should have agreed. Again, invalids who cannot get out would have their lives made much more interesting by a Toy dog, which takes up very little room and requires very little exercise. I commend this thought to doctors. The prescription of a puppy to lonely invalid people would, I am sure, in many cases be a good one.

The Keeshond is now firmly established in England. A great deal of his success is due to Mrs. Wingfield Digby, who was the pioneer of the breed in this country. She has owned them a long time, and many a Champion has been bred in her kennels. Nearly all Keeshonds in England are related to the Van Zaandams. The photograph is of a dog not owned by her, but one bred from her dogs. Cyrano is a very handsome dog, of the best breeding. He wears a bracelet as he doesn't like a collar. Keeshonds make admirable companions for children as they are not snappy. There are always puppies and youngsters for sale at the Sherborne Kennels.



PEKINESE

The property of Miss Ashton Cross

Once again Miss Ashton Cross's Pekinese won the Toy Obedience Class at our Show. She has now won it several years in succession. It is a lesson for anyone who sneers at Toys to watch these little dogs, who do their job as well and conscientiously as the bigger ones. One of the dogs in the photograph is Beeswing, the winner. Anyone who knows how headstrong Pekinese are, must marvel at the patience of Miss



KEESHOND

Bred from one of Mrs. Wingfield Digby's dogs

affectionate, easily trained and intelligent, while they are absolutely incapable of treachery, so are ideal for children. Both parents are winners.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks Cadnam, Southampton.

## ASSOCIATION NOTES

Ashton Cross who trains them, and also at the perfect confidence the little dogs have in her, which is shown when they sit up on her hand. The Alderbourne Kennels are world famous and there are always puppies and adults for sale, there and in the shop in Lansdowne Place, Berkeley Square.

It is good news that the Basset Hound is coming back into favour. They are a French hound, as their name shows, and were very popular at the beginning of the century. In Mr. Croxton Smith's most interesting book, "About Our Dogs," he says, "The Basset is very old form of canine life. On the monument to an Egyptian monarch who lived 2000 B.C. is a dog which closely resembles a Basset." In addition the Basset has a delightful disposition. I wonder more people don't keep them, as their short legs make them much easier to keep up with when hunting than the average Beagle, and they have a most lovely cry. Miss Sawyer has added Bassets to her kennel of Dachshunds and sends a photograph of both, also the following: "I have puppies for sale of both breeds. The Bassets are six months old, tricolour and adorable beyond all description. They make the most charming companions, being



BASSET HOUND AND DACHSHUNDS

The property of Miss Sawyer

**The ideal brush for your dog**

His coat will take on new sleekness and will be far more hygienic as a result of regular daily brushing. But make sure you get a HINDE'S Brush. With its special design, claw-shaped (or bent) pins, it combs as it brushes, removing all dead and loose hairs in one operation. Dog Fanciers and Breeders everywhere prefer HINDE'S Brushes.

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from Chemists, Dog Shops and Stores.  
Supplied in 3 colours: Red, Blue and Green.

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**EYE-BEAUTY** Unretouched photographs before and after the Hystogen Treatment.

Whether or not the eye is endowed with an overpowering beauty, is firstly determined by the condition of the surrounding skin. Eyes set in loose wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfortune, or ill-health and destroy the natural expression of even the brightest eyes. Fortunately this imperfection can be successfully, painlessly, and permanently corrected by the one sure method known to science, the Hystogen Method invented and practised by the leading European specialist who has already treated 10,000 cases.

Whatever your facial worry, call or write .

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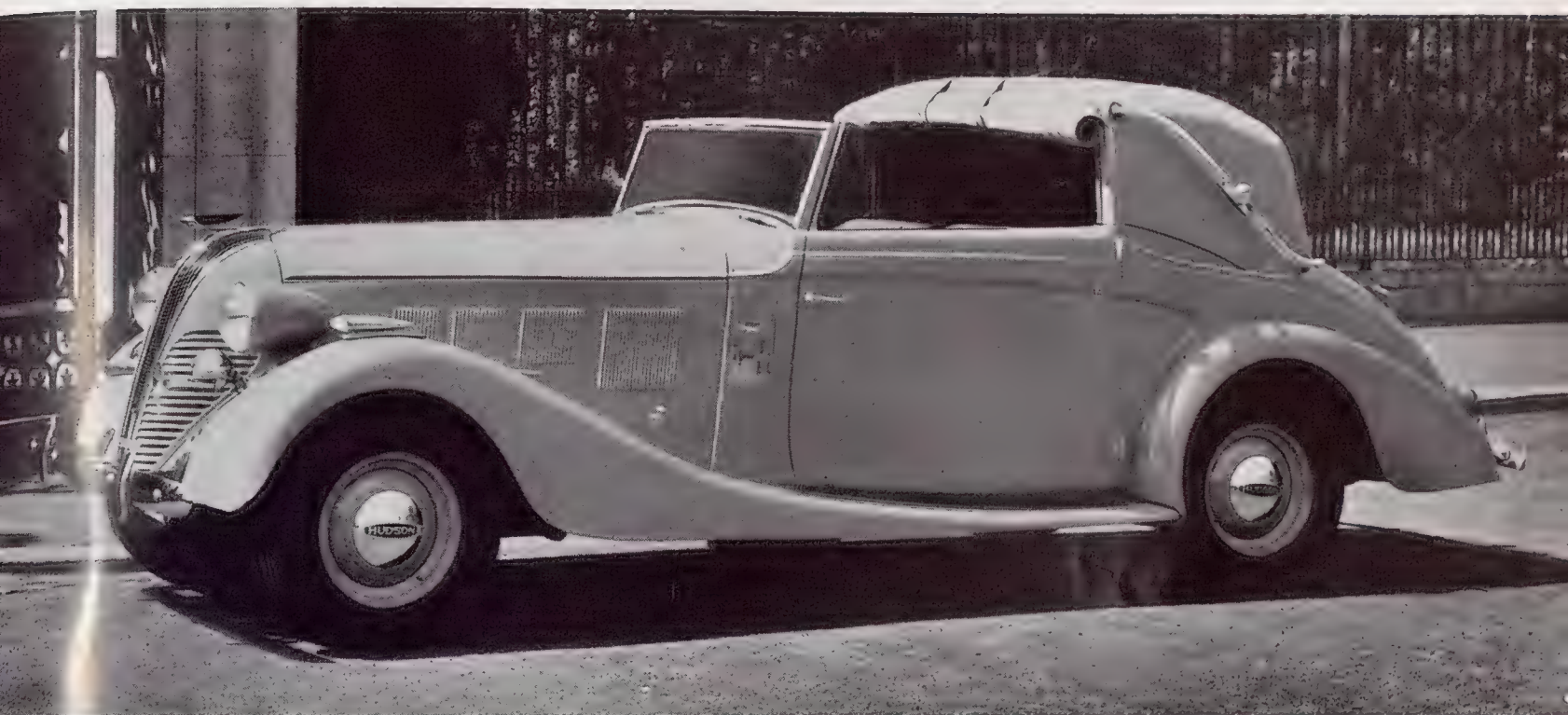
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## *Tickford Foursome Coupe*



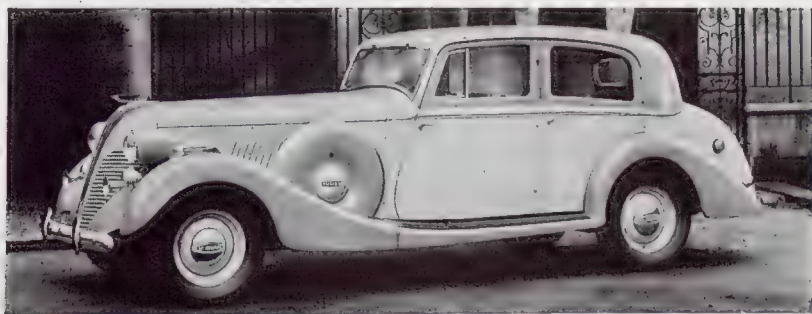
Hudson 8 Tickford Foursome Coupe £525 (also available on Terraplane 6 chassis)

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Distinctively styled to the last detail, the Hudson 8 Tickford Foursome Coupe is an exceptionally fine example of British coachwork on the famous Hudson 8 chassis.

Conservatively smart—combined with the smooth power, silent acceleration and effortless performance always associated with Hudson products.

Dignified and trim as a closed car, on pleasant days the choice of two hood positions makes instantly available the advantages of a superlatively comfortable open tourer.



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## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1. Will someone whose happiness is not marred by the gnawing misery of poverty, help a poor widow, a seamstress, to whom convalescence is essential? Her husband died four years ago in a mental hospital, leaving her with three small children, until a nervous breakdown ensued. An internal operation has now been necessary and, in a very frail state of health, she needs at least nine weeks in hospital and convalescent home to recover. She is on parish relief, but while she is out of the district this is unobtainable. We have for nine weeks been able to place her children, but her rent has somehow got to be paid, and it is for this that we appeal. We need £8 2s. that her home may be maintained while she is away. Do, please, send us something to help her.

Mr. Douglas Ainslie Grant Duff will be the guest of the Poetry Society, 36, Russell Square, on July 7, at 6 p.m., when we will recite his ballad of "The Dancing Star," already a popular favourite on lecture platforms, and other poems, some of which are, as yet, unpublished. The Poetry Society invites all lovers of poetry to attend without any charge.

Their Royal Highnesses The Duke and Duchess of Kent have graciously consented to attend the Ball and Cabaret, in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, on Wednesday, July 14 next, at Grosvenor House.

The advance of photography during the last ten or fifteen years has been truly phenomenal. Even now it is not generally known that there are cameras on the market which permit the amateur photographer to take pictures in the theatre or restaurant with the usual artificial illumination. The pictures of our travels and holidays which we are so proud to show to our friends really only give an impression of a part of the holiday. Probably the most interesting scenes are missed because we think they are too difficult to photograph. With a modern camera such as the Zeiss Ikon Contax subjects which are denied even to the big cameras used by the Press photographer are possible. These miniature negatives enlarge to very considerable sizes, and frequently enlargements as big as 6ft. x 4ft. have been made. Subjects such as express trains passing through a station at night, acrobats performing at the circus, intimate snaps of your friends at dinners and jances, can all be taken, while with the telephoto lenses pictures of horses passing the winning post taken from the grandstand seem almost like close-ups.

### Lawn Tennis

(Continued from p. x)

lieved, and then, to my delight, in the fifth set, so far from being ragged or soft, Parker started serving harder than at any time in the match, and once more dominating the rallies from the net. A fine victory and a fine début.

Because I am glad that Parker was not cheated of his victory it must not be thought that I am not, too, an admirer of Henkel's tennis gifts, for that would be far from the case. His behaviour both on and off the court, apart altogether from the exhilarating virility of his play, must win our admiration. But I do believe that Parker was the better player on the day, and therefore deserved his ultimate victory, just as I thought on the previous

Saturday that though it was a gallant effort on Charlie Hare's part to take the German to five sets, still the better man won in the end, despite the fact that the Englishman at one period led by two sets to one.

Although he lost, I imagine that Hare has now made his place as second singles string in our Davis Cup team secure, since who else can the selectors play after Tuckey's very poor showing against von Cramm? At the same, I can't help feeling that it is a tragic pity that this young Englishman should fall so far behind Austin in one vital particular—his backhand. It is true that Hare has a magnificent service, and volleys with great accuracy and severity, but it is equally true that the reason why he was so exhausted in the last set against Henkel, and finally cracked, was simply because he has to storm the net on every point, since he daren't play a long rally from the back of the



AN ENGAGEMENT: MR. MICHAEL HARMSWORTH  
AND MISS JESSAMINE GORDON

The bride-elect is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Dudley-Gordon, her father being the brother and heir-presumptive of the Marquess of Aberdeen. Mr. Harmsworth is a nephew of Lord Rothermere



AT THE PETERBOROUGH HOUND  
SHOW

Miss Lowther passing the time of day with Sir George Meyrick, M.F.H. (New Forest), who judged the bitch hounds aided by Mr. George Evans, M.F.H. It was, taken all round, a capital show

court owing to the weakness of one of his wings. Two shots to his backhand and the third he puts into the net or out of the court. It simply isn't good enough for a player who in other departments of the game can now stand up to anyone in the world. It is not too late for him, with Maskell's aid, to remedy this grave weakness. And for the sake of our future Davis Cup hopes, I hope with all my heart that he will spend next winter in doing so. Otherwise, I prophesy, although he may win a place in our Davis Cup side, he will never earn a place for himself in the Wimbledon last eight.

### Racing Ragout

(Continued from p. 8)

have the appearance of a stayer, and there is not a lot of him, but he is a Cartier model of a racehorse.

I have been asked to call attention to the evening pony racing at Northolt Park on Wednesday, July 7, at 7.30 p.m., in aid of the City of London Maternity Hospital. Entrance to the members, including dinner or supper, is only £1, and after all you . . . Well, anyway, it's a very deserving cause, a very amusing evening's entertainment and the race for the Bassinette Stakes a thrill.



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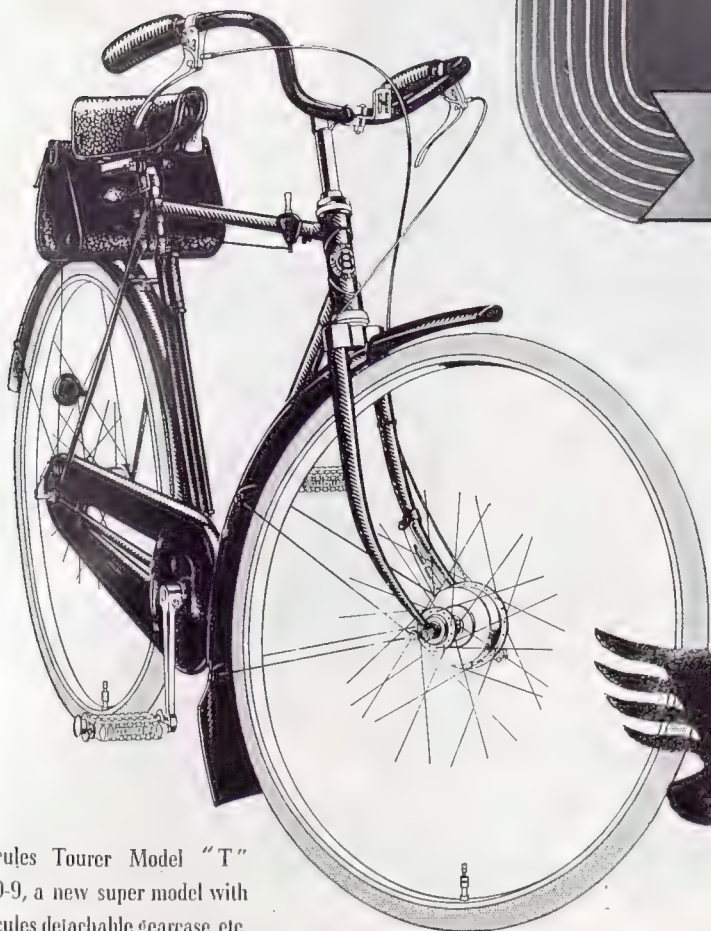
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Hercules Tourer Model "T"  
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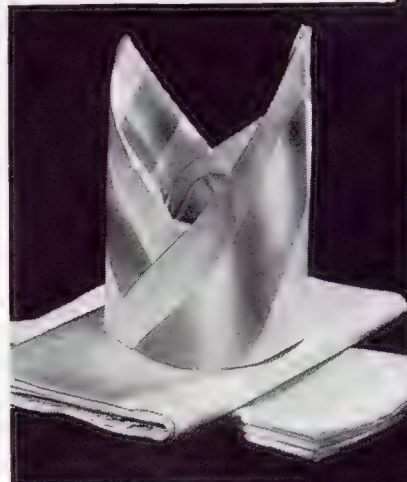
"Walpoles for Linens," a saying famous amongst English hostesses since 1766. And now these exquisite linens are offered you at Sale prices . . . What an opportunity!

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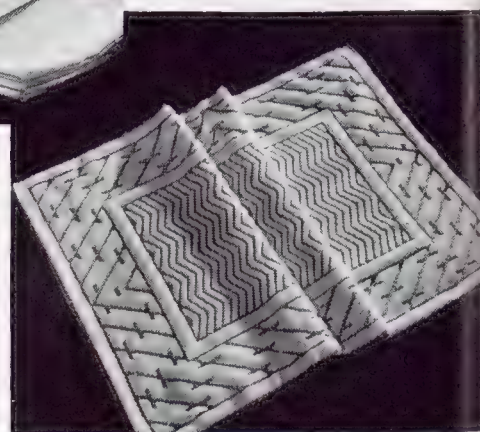
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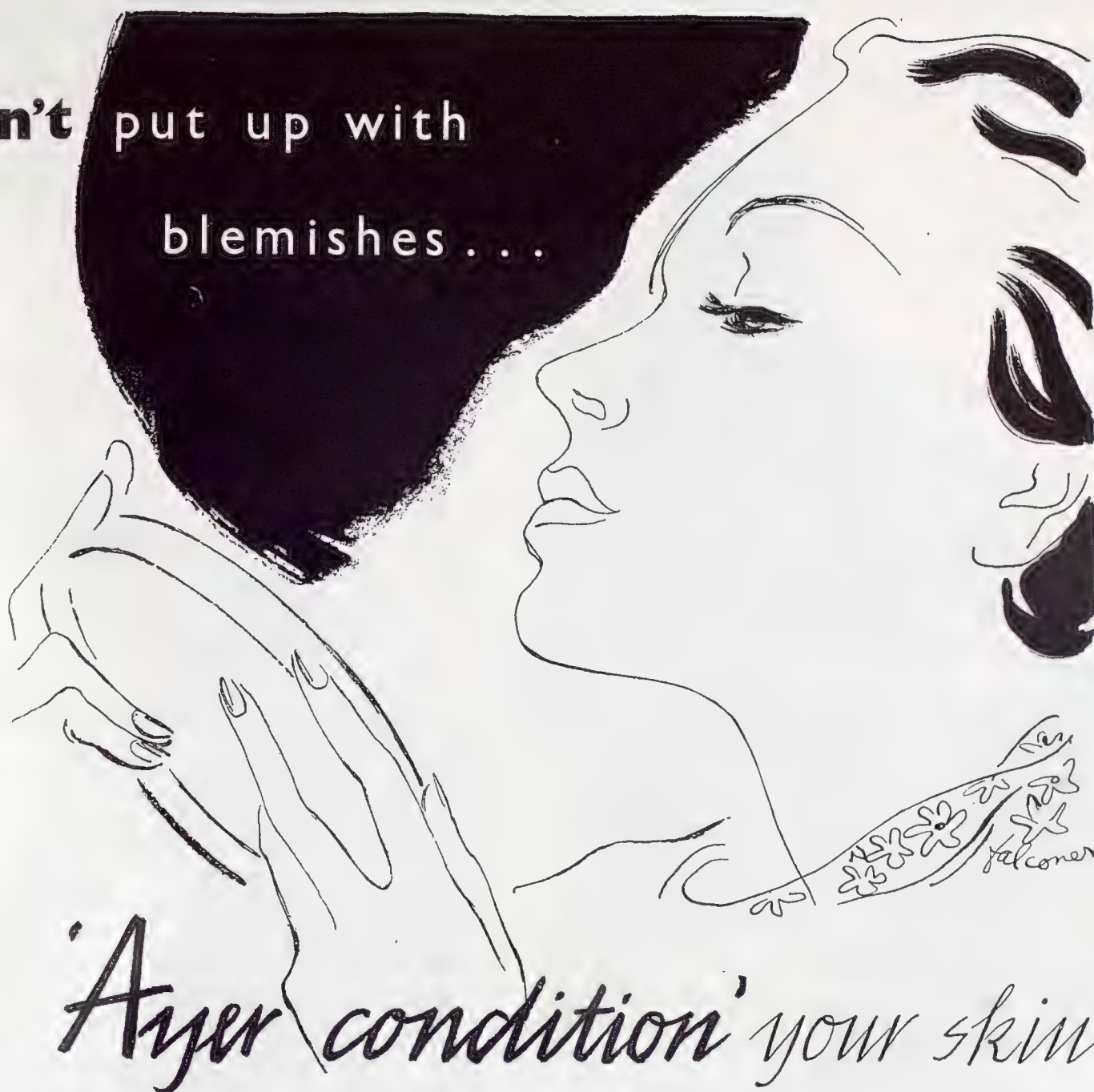
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*'Ayer-conditioning' suits any skin. For special problems, e.g. open pores, lines, greasy skin, there are special measures which I'll suggest if you call at my Salon 130 Regent Street, W.1. Lillian S. Dodge President: Harriet Hubbard Ayer.*



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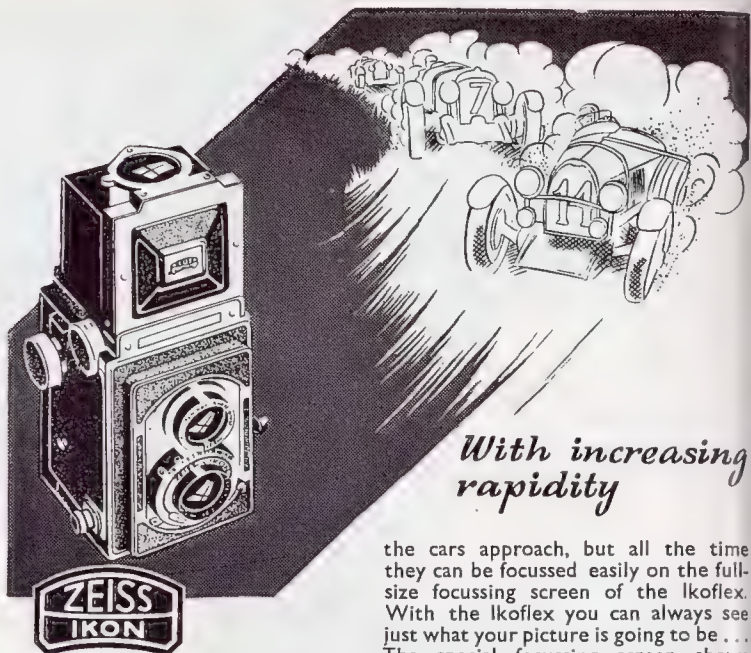
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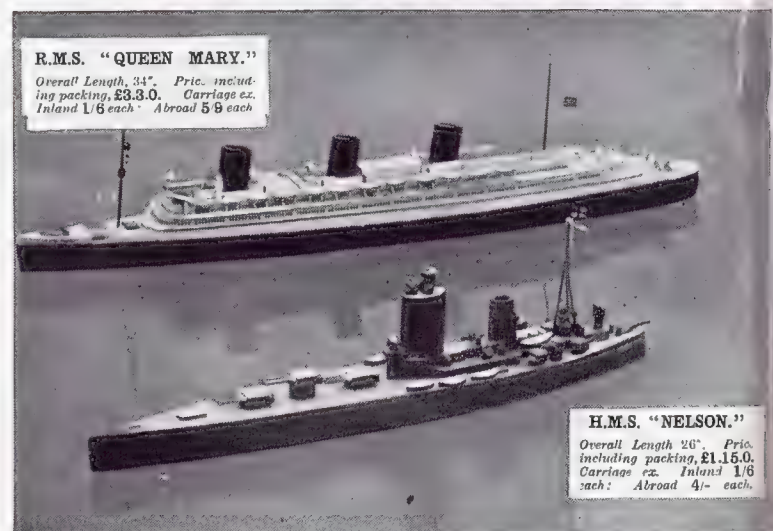


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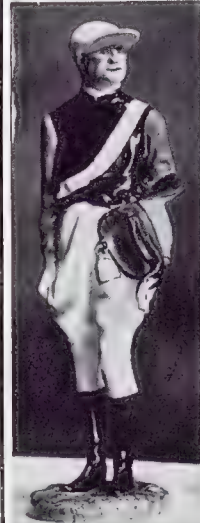
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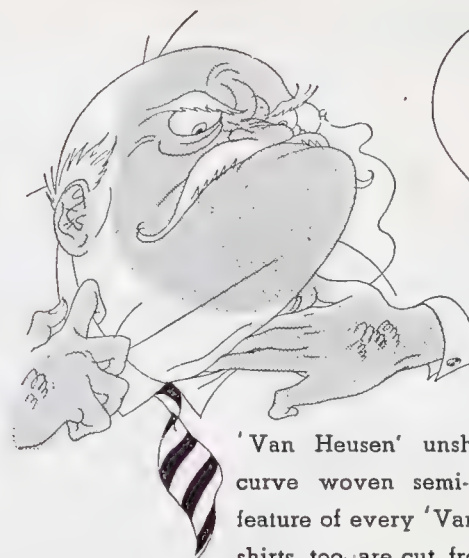
## MAN TO MAN



- JAMES** Hello, bon vivant! You look pleased with life!
- GEORGE** So would you if you'd lived like a king as I have for the last three weeks at the Grand, Torquay.
- JAMES** I dare say, but the terms are too high.
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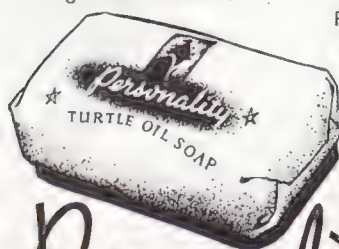


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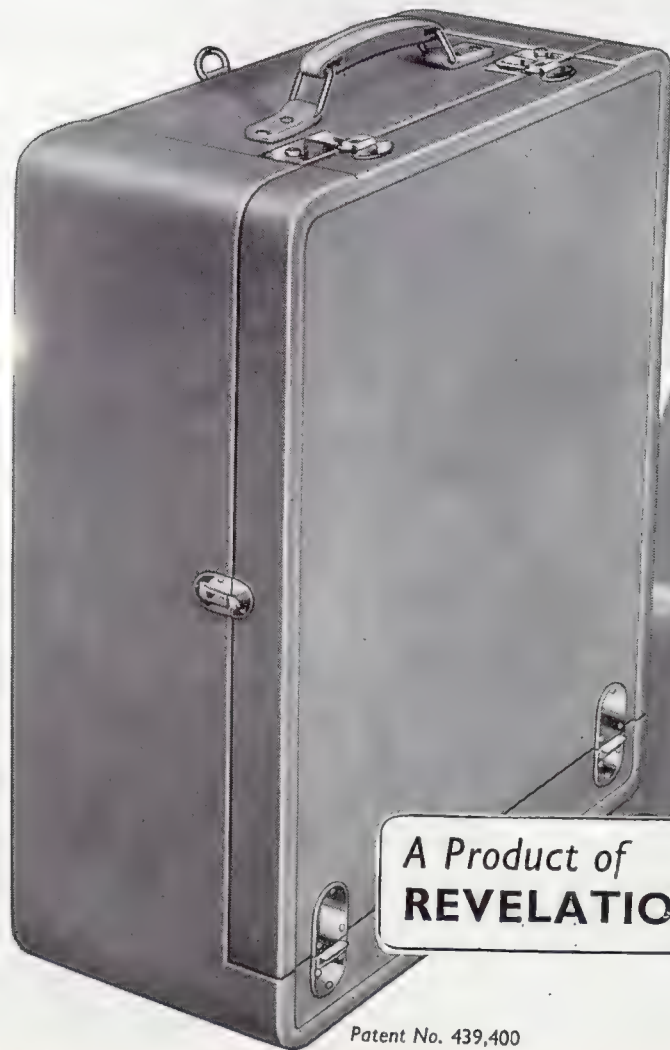
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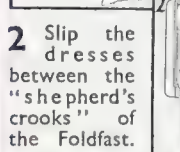
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**12 DRESSES  
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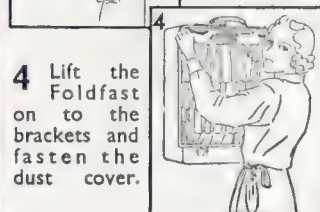
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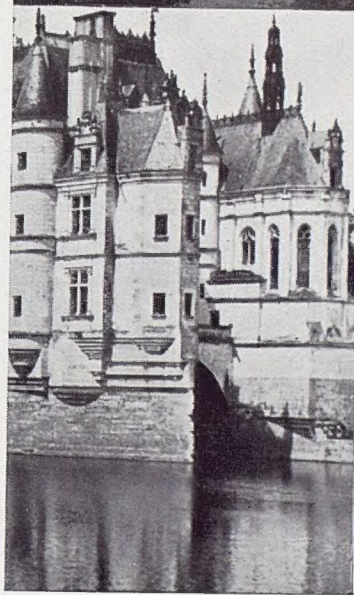
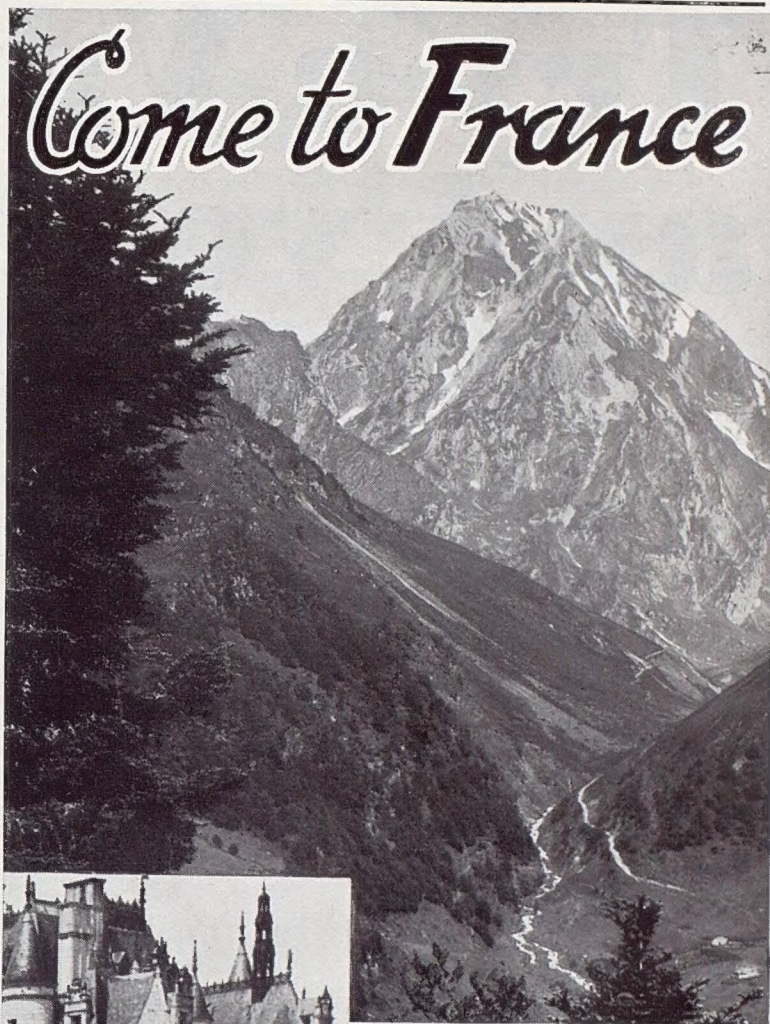


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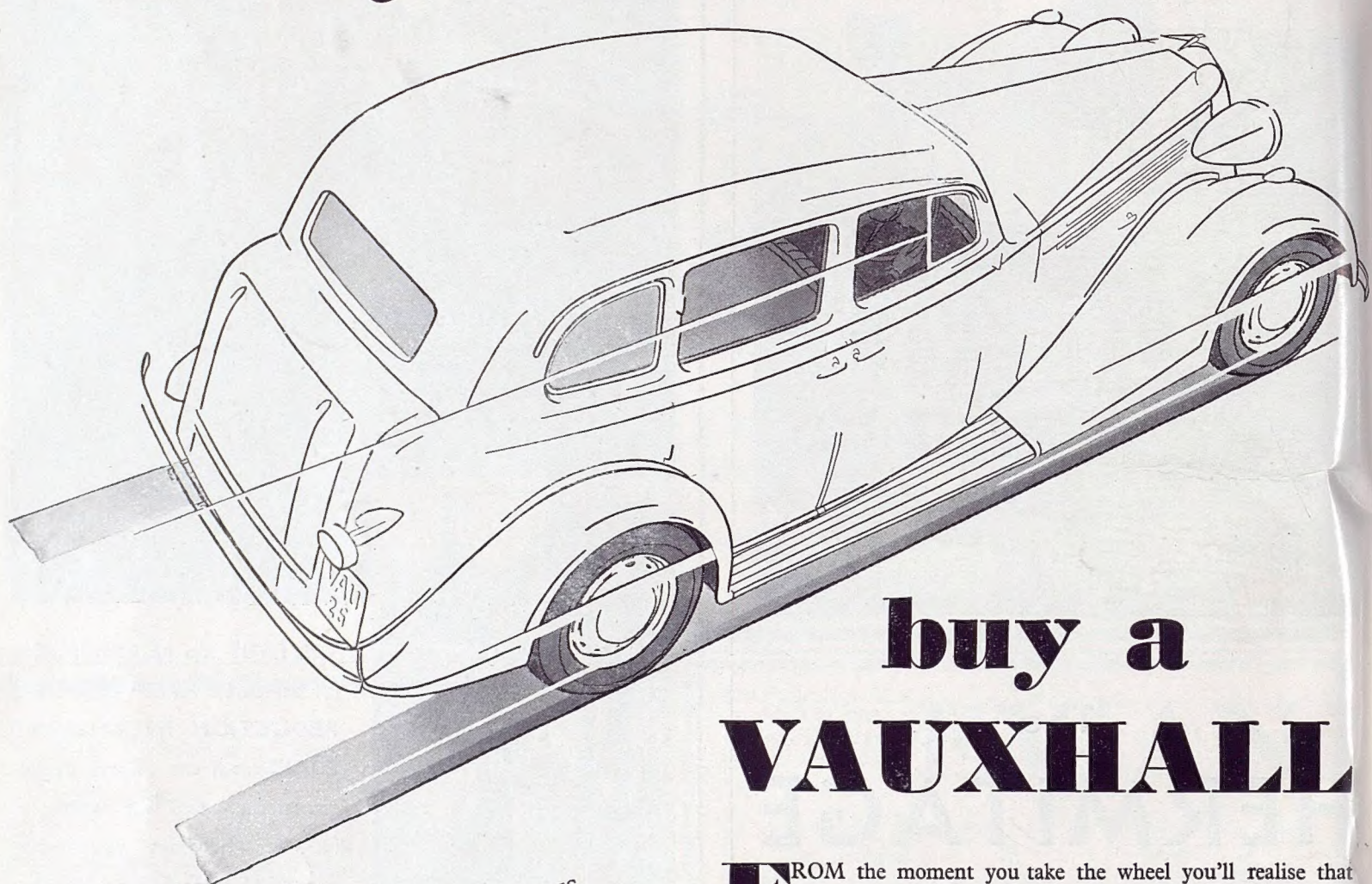
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